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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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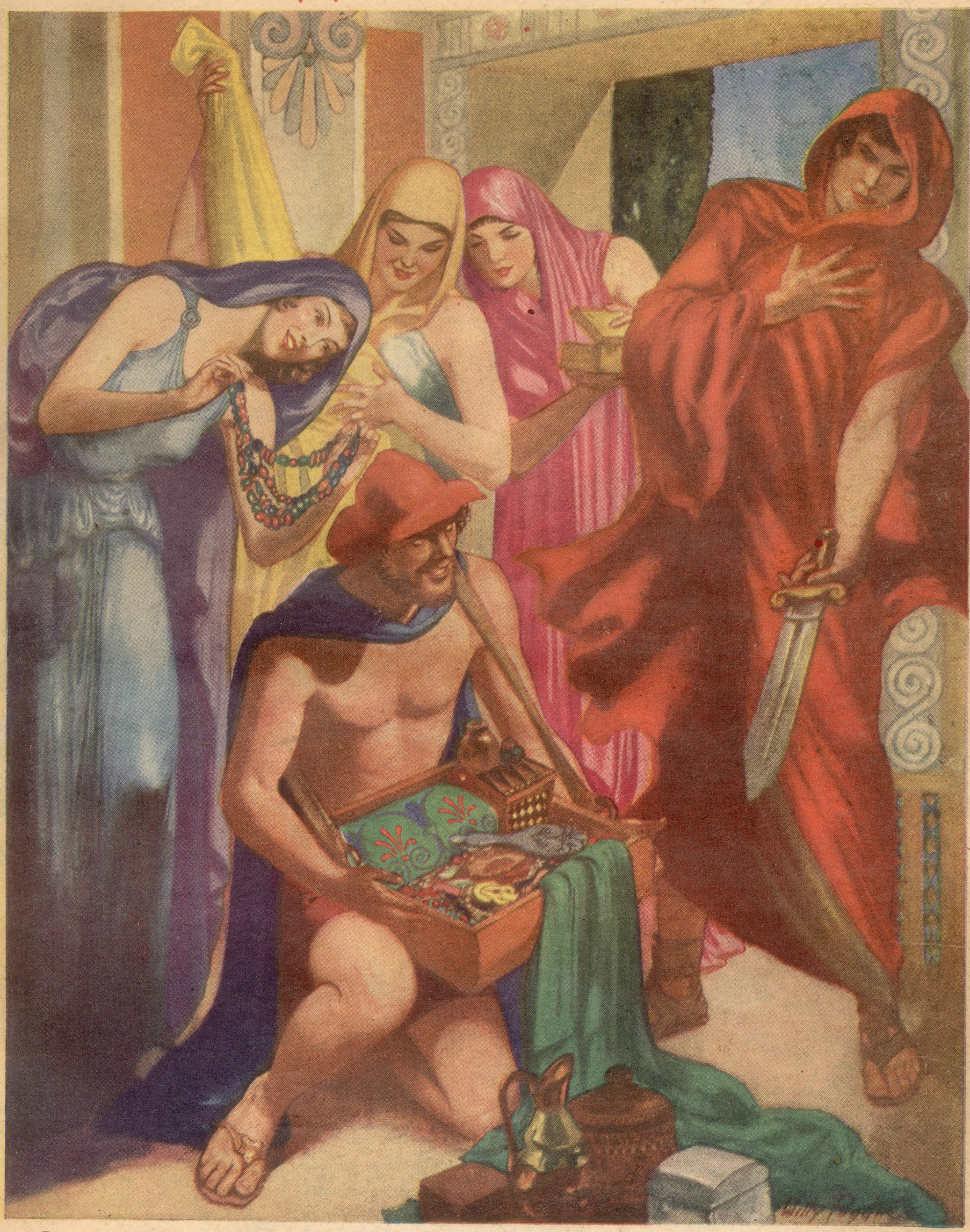

Painting by Willy Pogany

Temptations of Ulysses

The King's Daughters

READ STORY ON PAGE NINE

THE MYSTERIOUS *Mr. Bull*

Even After His Death, Nobody Yet Knows Why the American Heiress Spent Her Last Months in His Prison-Like Mansion—Then Willed Her Captor a Fortune

By Larry Newman

A ONCE-BEAUTIFUL woman, crying hysterically, ran from spacious Lorne Hall in Toronto and pleaded with a passerby to take her away.

Before the woman could explain her plight, a man with a flowing white beard and deep, piercing eyes, walked to the woman's side.

He turned to the passerby and smiled as though to say, "It is nothing. I'll take care of her. Go along."

Back into the mansion, with its barred windows and bolted doors, the man slowly led the woman, who appeared to be hypnotized by his watchful eye.

A few months later, on a July night in 1938, this woman—Mrs. Maebelle Horlick Sidley, only daughter of the wealthy malted milk king, the late William Horlick—died behind the barred windows of the Toronto mansion while her 27-year-old son made strenuous but vain attempts to gain admission to her bedside.

The 61-year-old heiress died as she had lived for a year, a virtual exile from her own home, her former friends, her aged mother and her son.

Whether this exile was voluntary or enforced became a bitterly-disputed question, and the truth may never be known. For the only man who knew all the details, the enigmatic W. Perkins Bull, Toronto lawyer and financier, recently went to his grave without breaking his determined silence, a man of mystery to the end.

Few men were more widely known, yet none could say how he achieved his prominence. Colorful, breezy, eccentric, his tall, heavy-set figure and flowing beard were familiar wherever men of wealth and position congregated.

Accepted by the financially and socially great of Canada, England and the United States, he was a man whose real character remained obscure and with whose name rumor was recurrently busy.

From time to time he was identified as a real estate and stock promoter whose interests ranged from a 50,000-acre land settlement project in Canada to a sugar plantation in Cuba.

Early in the century he established himself in London through his reputation as a friend and billiard partner of King George V. Later, he won the honorary designation of King's Counsellor.

It was this man of mystery, honored for reasons no one exactly understood, who crossed the path of the Horlick family, whose fortunes he was to strangely share.

He met William Horlick, then a man of 45, and Maebelle's brother, during a trip to England. This was the beginning of a friendship which was to disrupt the Horlick family, although William's loyalty to his mysterious friend never wavered through years of suspicion.

William Horlick was so impressed by the man that he invited him for a visit to his home in Racine, Wis. By the time Bull arrived in Wisconsin, illness in William's home prevented him from staying there, but the visitor readily accepted a substitute invitation to stay at the "Oaks," palatial home of Horlick's sister, Maebelle, and her husband, Dr. John Sidley.

He came for a week-end visit—and stayed four months. When he finally left, the once-happy "Oaks" was a broken and unhappy home. Mrs. Sidley followed Bull and never returned to her husband. She sued for divorce, but the case was not pressed and things dragged along for three years, until mid-1931, when they reached a dramatic climax.

Dr. Sidley brought a $250,000 damage suit against Bull and J. J. Harrison, head of a Chicago detective agency, charging that his health had been ruined by three years' shadowing by Bull's hired sleuths.

Scarcely 48 hours before he was to appear at a hearing on the Sidley damage suit, Bull fled from Chicago. His flight was interrupted near Coldwater, Mich., by an automobile accident which seriously injured him and two companions. Despite two broken hips and other injuries, he insisted, as soon as he regained consciousness, that the trip be resumed by ambulance.

While attorneys for Dr. Sidley accused Bull of fleeing the jurisdiction of the courts, Bull, from his sickbed in Windsor, Canada, charged that enemies, jealous of a big financial deal he was about to put over, had forced him to leave Chicago and that gangsters were trailing him.

Shortly thereafter Mrs. Sidley was granted her uncontested divorce. She disappeared, and a few days later the Horlick family announced that arrangements had been made to pay Dr. Sidley a $10,000 annuity for life. In return, Dr. Sidley dropped his case against Bull.

The whole affair quieted down and nothing much was heard of the principals until July 7, 1938, when it was announced that Mrs. Sidley had died under mysterious circumstances at Lorne Hall, Bull's Toronto mansion, where she had been a guest for more than a year.

Her son, William, demanded an immediate investigation into the cause of her death, hinting broadly at poisoning. An autopsy disclosed that Mrs. Sidley died of natural causes.

Evidence was presented at an inquest that iron bars had been placed over windows and latches were fixed on doors so that Mrs. Sidley could not get out of Bull's mansion.

John Moore, Bull's chauffeur, testified that Mrs. Sidley was "not in her right mind" during her stay at Lorne Hall and that she had to be watched constantly.

Mrs. Sidley's will left Bull $250,000 in cash, together with one third of her estate. Canadian tax agents said she had transferred $1,500,000 of her assets to Bull before she died. William Sidley fought the will and won. Bull gave up his share in the residuary estate, his specific bequest and stock considerations in the Horlick company.

Bull denied angrily that Mrs. Sidley had been held against her will and breezily admitted her lavish gifts.

"Mrs. Sidley was a wealthy woman," he snapped. "It was her money. She was free to do with it as she pleased."

Death only deepened the mystery of the versatile Canadian lawyer and the American heiress who ended her exile behind the barred windows of his mansion.

The Distraught Woman Begged the Startled Passerby to Take Her Away—Until She Was Gently Led Back to Her "Prison" by the Bearded Mr. Bull

Illustrated by ELMOR BROWN

WE'D LIKE YOU TO MEET VIRGINIA FELLER, wife of the famous big league pitcher and ex-Navy gunner. Here she is at home in Waukegan, Ill. with their two sons, Stevie, 3, and Marty, 1. We'd like you to meet the Fellers because in many ways they are typical of the 10½ million new families that have appeared on the American scene during the last 8 years. In these inflated times they all have this one great problem — how to get the most for the money they must spend.

To the girl who married Bob Feller

Dear Mrs. Feller:

Have you ever wondered what happens to the money you spend for groceries? As one woman to another, I think you have every right to know.

You, and the millions of others who bought our products last year, helped build General Mills' sales to a record $458,473,576. Where did this money go?

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Profits, as usual, were under 3¢ on each dollar of sales. Less than half of these earnings went to our stockholders; the rest was reinvested in the business. (For a breakdown of our sales dollar, see chart at right.)

In closing, Mrs. Feller, let me assure you that we here at General Mills are doing everything we can to see that you and all the homemakers of America get full value for every penny you spend for our products.

Sincerely,

Betty Crocker

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PROFITS AND LOSS OF *Barbara MacLean*

By Harrison Carroll

The Actress' Decision to Pursue a Hobby More Seriously Brought Quick Fame and Fortune—But Wrecked Her Marriage

SHE'D read it a hundred times in books, she'd even played the situation on the screen, but Barbara Barondess MacLean realized, for the first time, that a girl who has worked since her teens, who has achieved success (in her case, as an actress), can't drop her career for the role of housewife without finding a big void in her life.

That night she told her husband, Douglas MacLean, actor and movie producer: "I think I'll study interior decorating—just to give me something to do."

She didn't know it, but the decision, to which her husband readily subscribed, was to help wreck her marriage and, at the age of 40, was to give her two new careers that promise more success, more wealth, than she ever achieved on the stage or in the Hollywood studios.

Barbara Barondess went to work at 17. In 1926 she was signed for her first Broadway play, "Crime." In one respect at least it was an historic production—because so many movie stars appeared in it. Sylvia Sidney was the feminine lead.

After she had done the ingenue lead in "Topaze" (with Frank Morgan), Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer brought her to Hollywood in 1934 and that led to a series of film roles.

Shortly after Barbara went to Hollywood, she and Douglas MacLean started going together. MacLean was separated from his second wife, actress Lorraine Eddy. Before that he had been married to eastern socialite Faith Cole. Barbara also had one unsuccessful marital venture, with Irving Jacobs, a producer.

Though he was 15 years her senior, Barbara found MacLean a charming companion. An early star, he had quit acting in 1929 to become a producer.

In February, 1938, they eloped to Tia Juana, Mexico, and were married.

"We really thought it was to be forever," said Barbara recently. "We felt we knew each other well enough to be married.

"I gave up acting. It seemed the natural thing to do, because Douglas was out of it."

All of this had become a bittersweet memory when, last February, Barbara filed suit for divorce against MacLean, charging him with being a "disappearing husband." In getting her divorce two months later, she told the court:

"My husband had a habit of vanishing, sometimes for a period of weeks."

Interior decorating, which Barbara had taken up just for a hobby, had become big business with her—so big that Barbara estimated that it, plus other items that were divided, brought MacLean $50,000 in their property settlement agreement.

The California community property law doesn't care who earns the money—man or wife—they have to agree on the distribution of their joint assets, when they dissolve their marriage.

It was the psychological effect of her success on her husband, Barbara believes, that wrecked her marriage.

"To our disappointment," she said, "we had no children, so it was fine at first for me to be busy with my studies. I opened my business with $300 at a little place on La Cienega Boulevard. I paid $30 a month rent. (She now pays $1,200 a month rent for her beautiful establishment in Beverly Hills.)

"My first client was Irene Lee of the story department at Warner Bros.," said Barbara. "My second was Edgar Bergen."

After a while, important commissions were coming in steadily.

She did over the Ojai Valley Inn. Some left-over fabric from this job later catapulted her into another new career.

"At first, Douglas was wonderful in his encouragement," recalled Barbara, "but when I really began to make a name for myself, we started to drift apart.

"Then he decided to go to New York and write a play. I offered to give up my shop, but he said that would not be fair to me."

Early this year, Barbara followed MacLean to New York—and that trip finished their marriage.

"Douglas was too busy to see me, except two nights, all the time I was there," said Barbara. "It was too late to recapture anything but a polite relationship."

So Barbara returned to Los Angeles and got a divorce.

Meanwhile, she suddenly found herself an overnight sensation in another business. For a lark she designed some clothes for herself and Anita Colby to wear to a barbecue party. She used some chintz that was left over from the Ojai Valley Inn job. Thus the now famous quilted tea cozy skirt was born.

Barbara MacLean Models One of Her Own Profitable Creations—Plaid Pantaloons She Designed for Night Travel and Home-Lounging

The garment captivated Hollywood beauties, and within six weeks she was manufacturing the skirts for 17 stores around the country.

The project branched out into the design of new fabrics, into costuming motion picture productions.

Barbara's name is being linked with that of singer Roger Dann.

"Roger is a wonderful escort," she says, "but he is too young for me. We are just good friends.

"I know a dozen men I can go out with, but there are no special favorites. It's too soon. When a marriage breaks up and loneliness comes, you are apt to feel sorry for yourself, and I can't allow that. Neither can I afford to make another mistake."

Meanwhile, Barbara's ex-husband, Douglas MacLean, lingered in New York, presumably still writing on his play. The title, ironically, is "Never Again."

A Long-Forgotten Quarrel, and Unbending Pride, Kept the Lovers Apart Until Death — 35 Years Later — Reunited Them

Ellen MacDonald's HOUSE OF MEMORIES

By David Camelon

EVENING shadows lengthened into night in the quiet village of Oxford, N. Y.

A group of children grew silent as they passed the tenantless mansion on Washington Square, glancing nervously over their shoulders at its dark windows.

"Ghosts!" they whispered, as other Oxford children had whispered for more than a generation. "It's haunted!"

Haunted it was, too—haunted by the ghost of a little old lady's happiness, a ghost she had kept locked in its lonely, fading rooms for 35 years, a ghost that only her death could release.

Only recently, after Ellen Douglas MacDonald died, did the first human footstep in all those years echo in the rooms that had been the tomb of her youth, her love—and her pride.

For 35 years, Ellen Douglas MacDonald, a cripple, lived alone in an Oxford hotel. Each day, in spring, summer and fall, her chauffeur drove her to the mansion on Washington Square.

There she would inspect the grounds, the flowers, shrubbery and lawns, kept with meticulous care by her gardener and caretaker. But never did she enter the house itself—never did she roam through its luxuriously-furnished 15 rooms; never did her fingers touch the yellowed keys of the piano she had once played.

In winter, the caretaker kept a fire in the basement furnace. But the upper floors of the house itself were locked to him—as they were locked against all the world.

But why? After her death, the story was pieced together.

Ellen was the daughter of Dr. George Douglas of Oxford. He was wealthy—and the girl was gay, beautiful and sought after. Many a night, in her youth, the mansion, its crystal chandeliers a blaze of light, echoed to the laughter of young men and girls.

Ellen had her pick of suitors. She was married twice. No one, now, remembers much of her first husband, a man named Webb. They came home, after the marriage, to Washington Square—and there, after a few days, he left her.

But the man who truly won her heart—the man she could never forget—was a tall, handsome Scotsman, Angus MacDonald. For some years after they were married they lived in the Washington Square home with her father.

Those were gay, happy years, years filled with love; the years Ellen was to dream of all her life.

And then, suddenly, Angus MacDonald, too, left her, and went to New York. There had been a quarrel. The first cause, the bitter words that were spoken between them? It is doubtful if even Ellen remembered them clearly in the long, lonely years that followed.

But the Scotch can be stubborn and proud —and both Angus and Ellen had their full share of those traits. Pride and stubbornness blocked the reunion their hearts ached for. Neither one was humble enough to take the first step.

Then, in 1899, when she was 35, Ellen was seriously injured in a railroad accident. She lived—but her body was bent and twisted. Her father died nine years later, and Ellen lived on alone in the mansion in which every room, every object was a reminder of other days.

Angus heard of her father's death, and at last, still loving her, sought a reconciliation.

Ellen, it is said, wept—but she would not see him. Perhaps a new, bitter pride stifled the wishes of her heart: perhaps, it is said, she did not want him to see her as she was, bent and crippled from the accident, but preferred to live on in his mind as he had known her—young, slender and beautiful.

Yet, perversely, she must have clung to the hope that the time might come when pride would die, when at last they could renew their love and happiness together. Why else did news of his death strike her such a heavy blow?

The word came to her in 1912—in a telegram from New York City. Ellen read it, put it carefully away in a desk—and limped to her room where she wept anew. Pride had indeed died with the telegram's arrival, and all that was left was the memory of years of folly—years of misery and loneliness which might have been so happy.

For months Ellen lived on in the vast mansion. Each room, each object that met her eyes was a new memory, and a new pain. How clearly she could see now, how much she had lost.

Then there came a day when Ellen could no longer endure the ghosts of memory, of lost love that walked with her through the house.

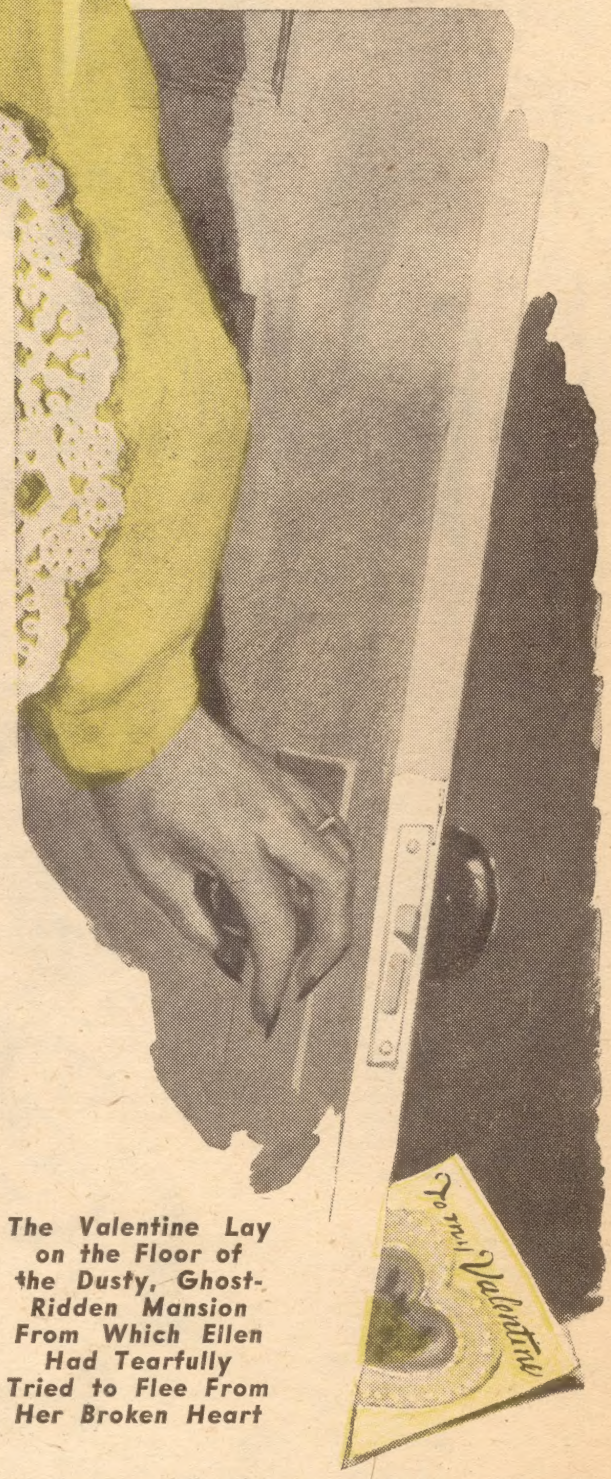
One morning she was eating her lonely breakfast. Suddenly she rose from the table, stumbled to her bedroom—and hesitated before a drawer. Slowly her hand reached in, and drew out a valentine, its red heart faded, its lacy edges yellowed and worn from much handling.

In the corner was the initial of the man who had sent it to her, long ago—the letter "A."

Here, in this frilly bit of paper and lace, was all that was left of love, and hope, and happiness. It was the final anguish. With a cry of pain, she dropped the valentine, and fled from the room and the house, locking the door for the last time on its tomb of memories.

After she died, 35 years later, the dried, dusty remains of that breakfast were found on the table.

On the bedroom floor, inch-deep in dust under a cobweb-festooned chandelier, was Angus MacDonald's valentine, where it had fallen from her hand.



The Valentine Lay on the Floor of the Dusty, Ghost-Ridden Mansion From Which Ellen Had Tearfully Tried to Flee From Her Broken Heart

Illustrated by E. C. VAN SWEARINGEN

GAMBLING

By Homer Croy
Author of "Corn Country," Etc.

POKER ALICE was the Queen of the Black Hills back in the '70s. In this article is published for the first time her true story. It took a lot of digging, but it was worth it, so amazing a person was she.

Never, in her younger days, did she dream that she would become a legend and that cowboys would sing songs about her, but that's what happened.

She was born in Sudbury, England, and, all her life, had a whisper of an English accent. Her father was a school teacher, which makes the things that Alice got mixed up in all the more. . . unusual.

A silver boom was on in Colorado and there she went with her family. Here she learned to take chances, for digging for silver was about the biggest gamble you could scare up in a day's ride on a dogsled.

Then word came through that gold had been discovered in the Black Hills and a rush started. And there Alice, against the wishes of her family, went.

She landed in Deadwood, S. D., which was the toughest, most swaggering, gun-totingest town in the United States. Gambling houses and saloons were as thick as corncobs in a Missouri farmer's hoglot. She got a job dealing faro. She wasn't the only one doing this, for the gambling houses liked to have a girl dealer —it made the boys reckless. But there was one unusual thing about her. She had a religious streak and would not deal on Sunday. Sunday was the big day; the boys came trooping out of the Black Hills, their bags filled with gold dust. They were eager to spend it and things worked out exactly right, for the gambling houses were willing to take it.

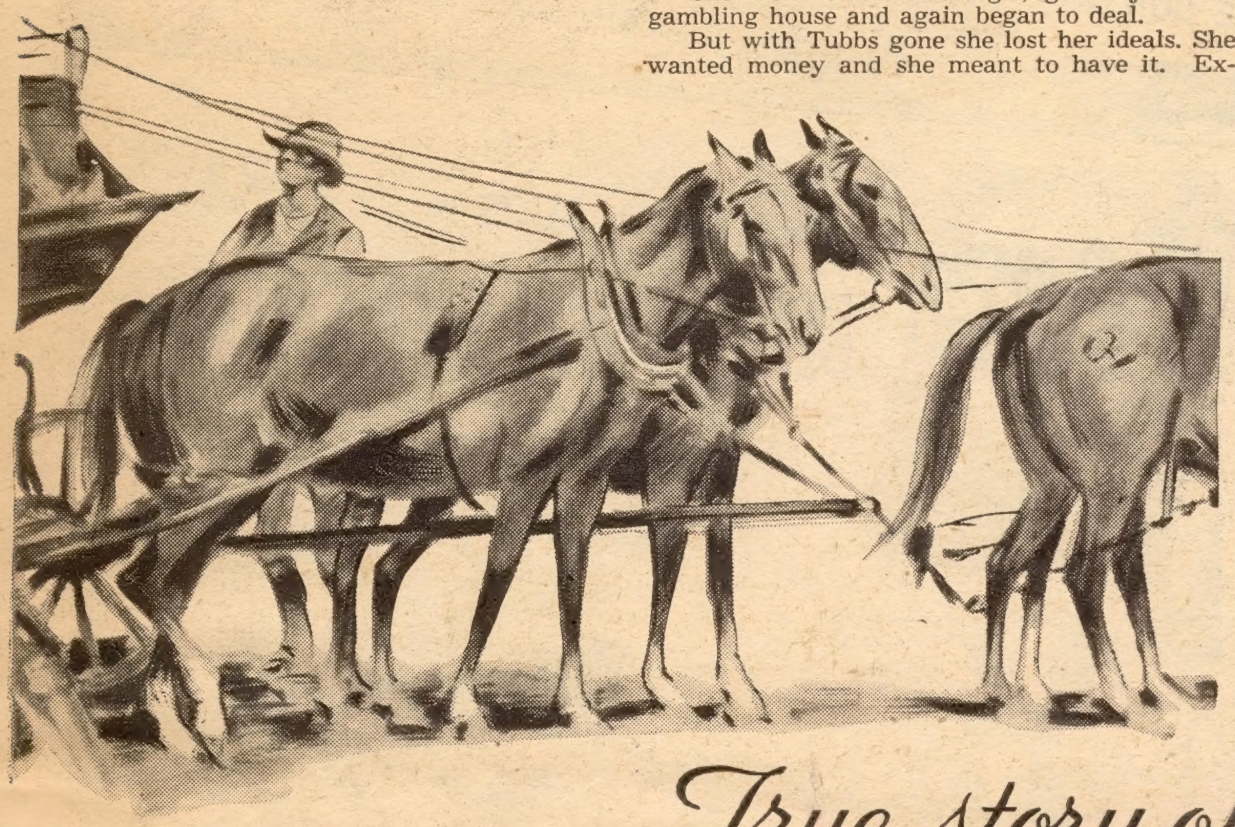
But Alice would not deal on Sunday. The boss of her gambling house said words that never got into any Sunday School leaflet, but she was adamant. No Sunday dealing.

As a result of her deep feeling on this, she

After Alice's Lady-for-a-Day Adventure in New York, She Returned to the Black Hills Broke — But in the Most Expensive Gowns Money Could Buy.

Ladies

When Her First Love Died, the Toughest Woman Dealer in the West Came Out of Retirement to Begin a New Chapter in Her Exciting Career



True story of POKER ALICE

went to Sturgis, which was 12 miles away. Two miles from Sturgis was Fort Meade where there were government soldiers. It was a "Little" Deadwood, with the men here having gold dollars (their pay) instead of gold dust.

A few miles away was the Bad Lands, that strange formation of Nature which haunts you like a nightmare. People said that any place where Poker Alice was could be called the Bad Lands.

Now comes a touch of "Annie Get Your Gun." In the play, Annie falls in love with a rival marksman and exhibition shooter—Frank Butler—and the two have a contest to see which is better.

Exactly the same thing happened to Alice. Another table was being operated by a man named W. G. Tubbs. The two were rivals and tried to draw customers from each other. But Alice was young and good looking...poor Tubbs.

The old, old thing happened. Their rivalry ripened into love and the two were married and moved to a homestead 48 miles west of Sturgis. The two had given up faro and gambling forever. Or so they thought.

THE third winter they were living on their claim, Tubbs fell ill. She doctored him as best she could. To make matters worse, a blizzard came up, one of those South Dakota blizzards that have been told about in the stories of the early days. These blizzards, in their savagery, are almost beyond belief.

Her husband grew steadily worse and died. She dragged the body into a room that had been shut off and the body became frozen. During the rest of the storm, Poker Alice sat in the room with the fire; in the other room was the body of her husband.

When the storm ceased its raging, she got out the wagon, hitched the team to it and backed it up to the cabin. Then she dragged out the body and managed to get it into the wagon. She spoke to the horses and started that wagon across the bleak and trackless prairie.

She knew there would be funeral expenses, so on the way she stopped at a country store and pawned for $25 the engagement ring that Tubbs had given her. Then she started on again.

When she got to Sturgis, she engaged a preacher and paid him out of the money she had borrowed. The ground was so cold that logs had to be burned to soften it so that a grave could be dug.

She knew how to get money. She went to the manager of the gambling hall and said, "I'd like to get a job dealing faro till I earn $25." He was glad to have her, for she was the best faro dealer in the Black Hills.

As soon as she earned it, she stopped and would not turn another card. Then she got into the wagon that had carried the body of her husband, stopped at the country store, redeemed the ring that Tubbs had put on her finger, then started on again to her lonely cabin. Quite a girl, she was.

SHE thought about the exciting times she had dealing faro and, in her loneliness, began to yearn for those days again. She would not have Tubbs, but it would be better than the desolation of a pioneer cabin.

She went back to Sturgis, got a job in a gambling house and again began to deal.

But with Tubbs gone she lost her ideals. She wanted money and she meant to have it. Except she would not deal on Sunday. She stuck by that.

She decided to launch out on a career of her own, and went to Deadwood and began to play poker where she earned the name that made her famous. She was the coolest player that ever hit the hot spots. One night she won $6,000. You'll be surprised what she did with it. A hankering to live the refined life she had once known came over her; she drove by stagecoach to the railroad, hopped a train, went to New York and bought the finest dresses she could find, went to the theatres, saw the town. When her money was gone, she went back to the Black Hills and began to deal again—this Lady for a Day.

NOW she did the most astonishing thing of her career. She opened an establishment where a man could gamble, and find female companionship when he tired of the cards.

But she would not let girls consort with the customers on Sunday, for Poker Alice had, at the very core of her being, this deeply religious feeling.

Once she called her girls together, sat them down on chairs, and taught them their Sunday School lesson in her faint English accent. What a scene that must have been! Serious, sincere Poker Alice trying to expound the Gospel to a class of fly-by-nights.

She was restless and had been so ever since the tragic death of Tubbs. She began to neglect herself; she was no longer the dainty-looking girl who had come from England. She grew more and more careless about her dress. Then, shockingly, she began to smoke cigars.

She returned to Sturgis and opened a dance hall of her own. The soldiers from Fort Meade came on the double-quick as if charging Sitting Bull; Sturgis became the hottest spot in the Black Hills. Men came with their pockets bulging with money and left with them as flat as patches on the hired man's pants.

Illustrated by MATT CLARK

One of the hangers-on around the place was a man named Huckert. His eyes rested on Poker Alice, who was rich. Love came and whispered to Poker Alice, or she thought it did, and she married Huckert. But he did not take the place of her first love. No one could do that.

One night some of the soldiers from Fort Meade were having high jinks at Poker Alice's when another group of men from the fort came, and knocked, for, when things were in full swing, she let in only the people she knew.

"Full," she called.

"We want in. Open the door," one of the men roared.

Instantly the place grew quiet, all sensing tragedy.

"No more can come in now," said Poker Alice. "Go away."

"Open up," shouted the man.

There was an even deeper silence.

VOICES muttered outside the door; the men were conferring. They were half drunk and they had started out to have fun at Poker Alice's and they meant to do exactly that.

"We'll come in, anyway," shouted one of the men, and now they began to hammer at the door with a fearful thudding.

She always carried a pistol and now she reached for it.

The shot went through the door and killed one of the men. (For the record, for this is the first time this has been printed: he was Fred Koetzle, "K" Troop, 4th U. S. Cavalry.)

Poker Alice was taken to jail. When she got there she asked the sheriff if he had a Bible. No, he didn't have no sech thing, he said.

"Can I send home for mine?" she asked and he said she could. And so her faithful Bible, which she had used when she had taught Sunday School at her hostel in Deadwood, went with her.

At last the trial was held. The jury decided she had shot in self-defense and found her innocent. Sturgis declared a holiday, for the town liked growing gray, cigar-smoking, Bible-teaching Poker Alice.

She went back to her business and time passed. There was an element in the town which had never liked her and now, this element grew stronger; she was arrested for running a "disorderly establishment."

There was another trial. This time she was convicted, but the people got up a petition and sent it to the Governor who pardoned her. Again there was a holiday.

She did not serve a sentence but the conviction took the heart out of her. Huckert began to mean nothing to her. But her religion did. Now and then she talked of far-away England.

Meantime the world of Poker Alice was changing. The Indians were no longer a menace and the soldiers were sent away from the fort. The streets were no longer filled with gun-toters; the town began to take on an air of respectability that she found very depressing.

A subtle change came over Poker Alice. She neglected herself more and more; she had a hard time remembering the names of her customers. At last she gave up her business and bought a home on the edge of town and began to raise flowers! Yes, this once toughest woman in all the Black Hills.

A new but brief interest came to her. They were to have an historical celebration in Deadwood—"The Days of '76." It is still held, a great celebration indeed. Poker Alice was called to play herself and this she exactly did—shooting guns and everything.

HER years began to tell on her; she was living alone, reading her Bible. She joined a church.

And now came a problem. She must make out the information to be chiseled on her tombstone. Her last name was now Huckert, but she wanted to be known as Tubbs and this is the way she made it out (with the dates to be added)—

POKER ALICE
Alice Hucker Tubbs
February 17, 1851
February 27, 1930.

Finally Death called for her and she was buried in the cemetery in Sturgis, S. D., where stands her gravestone today—this well-bred English girl who had come to the Black Hills had had two husbands and an astonishing career—this strange, brooding religious-minded woman who made history in the Bad Lands.

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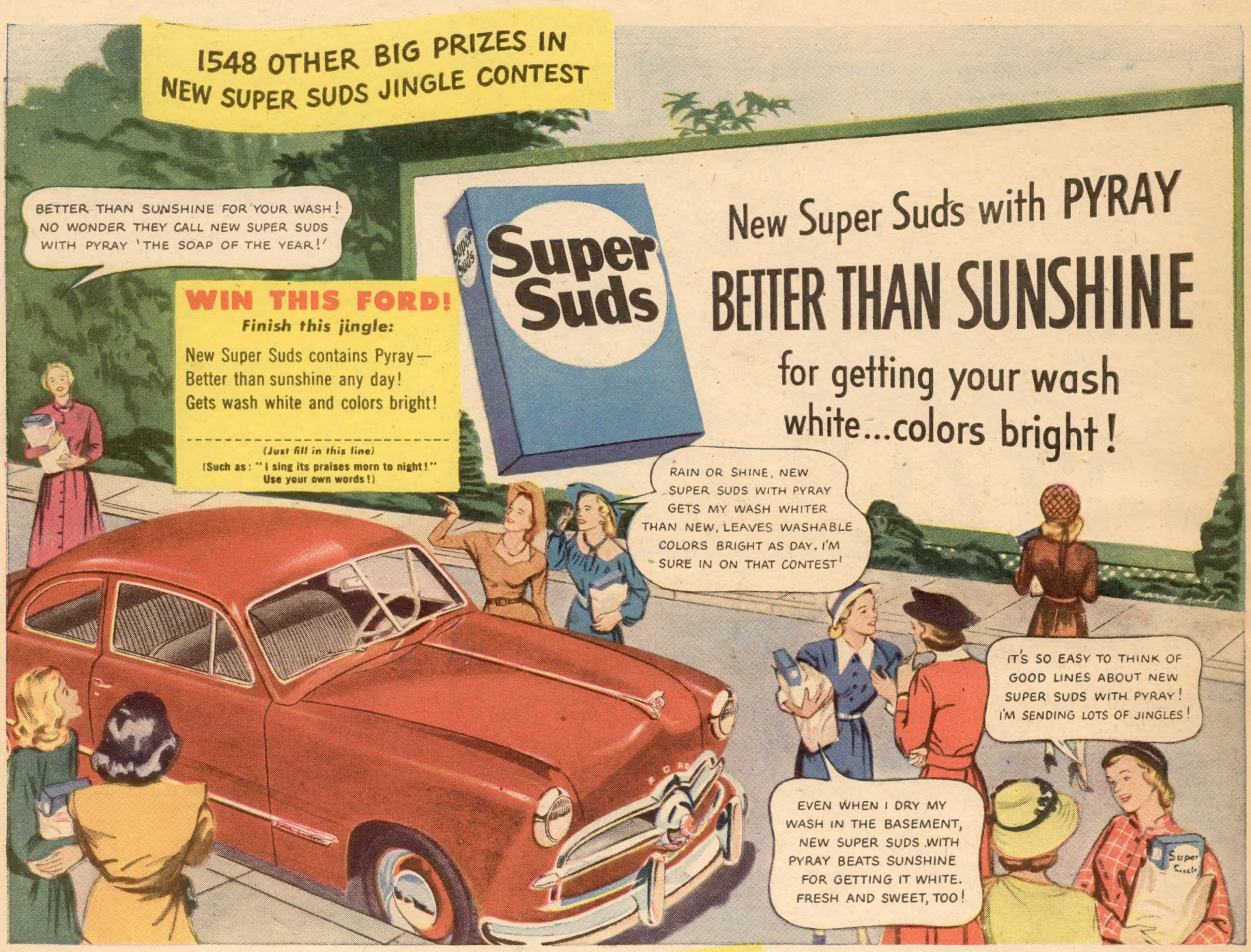

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	2d contest	Sun., Oct. 17, 1948	Sat., Oct. 23, 1948
	3d contest	Sun., Oct. 24, 1948	Sat., Oct. 30, 1948
	4th contest	Sun., Oct. 31, 1948	Sat., Nov. 6, 1948
	5th contest	Sun., Nov. 7, 1948	Sat., Nov. 13, 1948
	6th contest	Sun., Nov. 14, 1948	Sat., Nov. 20, 1948

PRINCIPAL WINNERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED LATER IN "THE AMERICAN WEEKLY"

HERE'S ALL YOU DO TO ENTER THE NEW SUPER SUDS JINGLE CONTEST!

1. Write a last line for the Super Suds jingle shown above.

2. Mail entries to: Super Suds Contest, P. O. Box 53, New York 8, N. Y. Submit as many entries as you wish, but accompany each with a top from any size package of Super Suds. Print your name and address clearly and the name and address of the dealer from whom you buy Super Suds. Use one side of plain paper or entry blanks available at dealers.

3. Contest is confined to residents of continental United States.

4. Official rules which govern this contest may be had on entry blanks available from dealers selling Super Suds... but you have in this advertisement all pertinent information to enter the contests.

These facts help you win!...

Better than sunshine! Yes — rain or shine... whether you hang your wash in the basement or outside... new Super Suds with Pyray, the wonder-ingredient, is better — yes, actually amazingly better than sunshine to get your wash dazzling white, radiantly bright!

You'll be amazed the first time you use new Super Suds! You'll see your white clothes come out whiter than new, washable colors bright as day! Even dingy, yellowed clothes come out incredibly whiter—newer-looking! Because now those famous extra suds from Super Suds are power-packed with new Pyray, the wonder-ingredient!

That's not all! Wash 'em once, wash 'em twice, wash 'em three times—your clothes keep getting whiter and brighter! Use hard or soft water... dry your clothes indoors or out! New Super Suds is safe... easy on colors and hands! Truly the "Soap of the Year!" Get a package of new Super Suds with Pyray today! It's in the same familiar blue box. See if you don't get dozens of good ideas for this big Super Suds Jingle Contest!

ULYSSES' *search for* ACHILLES

By John U. Sturdevant

ACHILLES was the son of a goddess and a mortal man. This made him pretty nearly perfect. He was strong, a great spearsman and so fleet of foot that for the fun of it he used to race Centaurs up a mountainside.

It is obvious that in any war he would be extremely useful. Agamemnon, being the Commander-in-chief of the Greek armies at war with the Trojans, gave Achilles top priority and ordered Ulysses, the King of Ithaca, one of his generals, to induct him immediately.

That was not as easy as it sounds. The king wasn't counting on Thetis, Achilles' mother.

As a goddess, Thetis had the gift of hindsight and foresight. She knew everything long before it came to pass; her conversational gambit was "I-told-you-so."

One day, having nothing better to do, she looked into the future and visioned all the great disasters that would befall anyone taking part in the struggle over Helen of Troy. It didn't matter whether they were on the side of Helen's husband, or on the side, of Paris, who had stolen her affections and refused to return them to their rightful owner.

Thetis saw what would happen—from the top general down to the rawest foot soldier—and her first thought as a mother was of Achilles, her superior son.

She decided to hide him in such a way that Ulysses would never find him, or word of the war ever get to him. Thetis hit upon a rather novel device.

She had an old friend, King Lycomedes, whose daughters were sweet and modest, and compared to a woman like Helen, mere understudies.

Would he mind very much, asked Thetis, if Achilles hid among his daughters, until the war blew over?

Of course, she added, her son was of exceptionally high character; there was really nothing to be disturbed about. His daughters would be quite safe.

No one would deny that Achilles was well-bred, said the king, who had no idea how to turn down the request of a goddess. Nevertheless, he hesitated.

Just to put his mind at rest, Thetis added, she planned to dress her son as a girl. This would make his position among the princesses more natural. When she finished the transformation, she boasted, no one would know the difference. She never did things by halves.

All doubts vanished when Lycomedes saw Achilles. The youth was as pretty as a frieze and a little bewildered by what was happening to him. The king's daughters liked their new playmate and, being rather prim, refrained from asking any questions.

The impersonation fooled everyone, including Agamemnon's messengers who wasted their time looking for Achilles among the king's sons. Being gentlemen, they left the daughters alone.

When they had gone, Ulysses arrived and soon began to narrow down the possibilities to the princesses.

He would watch them walking in the orchard and there was, he reflected just a little something about one of the them. They were all veiled and dressed alike and yet...

Ulysses thanked the king politely and left.

In a little while he was back, disguised as a peddler with a pack full of girlish notions.

There were veils of gossamer, lustrous brooches and mirrors, jeweled hair pins and a great quantity of dry goods which managed to conceal a golden sword gleaming with precious stones.

Ulysses found the girls at their usual place in the orchard and before them displayed his wares. There were ohs and ahs and the money and goods changed hands rapidly.

One of the girls, however, showed no interest in the gewgaws. She just stood off and watched her sisters, until Ulysses brought forth the sword. Then she seized the weapon, handled it deftly, begged to buy it and received it. Along with Agamemnon's summons. The "sister," of course, was Achilles.

The Young Warrior Was Safely Hidden Among the Princesses —See Cover Painting by Willy Pogany

The youth was glad enough to shed his curls and dresses, which he thought rather silly, and soon was off to his father's castle.

Naturally, his mother was dismayed that she had not seen what would happen. With a sense of foreboding for her son's safety and a feeling she wasn't as clever as she used to be, she persuaded her husband to give Achilles his famous warriors, the Myrmidons, who had never been defeated in battle.

He also gave his son armor, polished and spearproof, which Zeus, foremost of the gods, had given him as a wedding present. Also he gave him two horses, Xanthos and Balios, both immortal and tireless.

It is evident that Achilles was well prepared for battle. But best of all, he was to have Patroclus, his friend, as his aide and squire.

Patroclus deserves a little niche to himself in history. He was the first juvenile delinquent of whom there is any extensive knowledge.

As a boy he had accidentally killed another over a game of dice. To save him from the consequences, his father had taken him to Achilles' father and begged him for sanctuary. Between the two boys a strong bond of friendship grew up. They were to be as inseparable in war as in peace.

The time was now at hand for Achilles and Patroclus to sail to Aulis where they were to join the Greek forces and repeat the vow that the war would last until King Priam of Troy was defeated and Helen restored to Menelaus, her true husband.

Unlike Ulysses the wise, who understood women and could face temptation with a strong will, Achilles was soon to fall deeply in love. By doing so, he had to make a most difficult choice: Whether to remain in battle for the fair Helen and lose his life, but acquire glory, or return home and finish out his years in insignificance.

Next week, Achilles falls in love with Bryseis of the Fair Cheeks and Ulysses the wise is forced to perform a somewhat painful duty.

Thetis Went to the King With an Astonishing Plan to Keep Her Son Achilles Out of the Trojan War

R. F. SCHABELITZ

Archie McNeil's YOUNG OUTLOOK

"Why Don't We Get Married in Jacksonville?" Archie Proposed. As the Couple Embraced in the Roadster, Marilyn's Mother Promptly Gave Her Blessing From the Back Seat.

The 65-Year-Old Bridegroom and His 25-Year-Old Bride Are Sure Their Marriage Will Succeed — Even Their Mothers-in-Law Agree That, in This Case, Age Doesn't Matter

Illustrated by JOHN JONES

By Galvin O'Brien

THE sleek roadster sped smoothly over the highway that winds along the Florida east coast from Palm Beach to Jacksonville.

Behind the wheel was Archibald McNeil, wealthy, handsome, tanned, political advisor to Franklin D. Roosevelt and one-time power in Connecticut Democratic politics.

At his side was Marilyn Antoinette Luescher, petite blond daughter of the late Mark Luescher, famed Broadway producer.

Riding in the rear of the roadster was the girl's mother, who was headed north after spending the season in Florida.

"Archie" McNeil, as he had long been called in financial and political circles, now and then glanced admiringly at the girl he had known since she was a few days old.

He had watched her grow from a spindly adolescent to a mature woman, talented but extremely shy. Through the years he had counseled her with a fatherly interest. Now he was in love with her.

The signpost at the side of the road said: "Jacksonville 27 miles."

"Why don't we get married in Jacksonville?" he asked suddenly.

"Certainly," the girl replied. "Why wait?"

The culmination of the romance between the 65-year-old McNeil and his 25-year-old companion happened as simply and as suddenly as that. The girl's mother gave the couple her enthusiastic blessing, although she was a little stunned at becoming a mother-in-law so abruptly.

Because Archie McNeil was old enough to be his bride's grandfather, their wedding created a sensation in cafe society circles.

People remembered his first marriage to Ann Orr, musical comedy star of the 1920s, and —after their divorce in 1936—Archie's trip to the altar with Inez Townsend Kane. That marriage broke up in 1945.

Some of the gossips got quite upset about the romance between a girl and a man who was 40 years old when she was born, but the happy couple went quietly about their honeymoon.

They saw nothing extraordinary about their marriage. Neither did Mrs. Luescher, or Archie's 90-year-old mother. To them the marriage was the natural outgrowth of a long friendship that blossomed into love.

Mrs. Luescher described her new son-in-law as "a wonderful man who will make my daughter the best husband ever." She added, "People I barely know stop to remonstrate with me for permitting my daughter to marry a man two and one-half times her age.

"I tell them they just don't know Archie and that he is a more vital person and a better physical specimen than most men half his age. I don't mean he is a perennial juvenile, but he has a young outlook on life. He has a sophisticated, but not a cynical attitude towards others. He is tolerant and understanding.

"Archie is the kind of man who enjoys every minute of life. I have no doubt he will make Betty (her pet name for Marilyn Antoinette) very happy."

Mrs. Luescher said that when Betty first discussed Archie's proposal of marriage with her, she told the girl to let her heart decide.

"I said to her that if she thought he could make her happy, then to accept."

The mother-in-law went on to say that Archie had been a friend of the family for many, many years, that he had known Betty from the time she was one day old.

"Betty always looked up to him," she said. "When her father died, she was 13, and Archie was so helpful with everything that Betty and my other daughter, Mary, fell in love with him."

Mr. McNeil laughed off the persistent rumor that he bounced his wife on his knee at her christening.

"I was once an editor myself," he said, "and I think what you want is the story of the difference in our ages. That's what I'd ask my reporters to get if I was sending them on an assignment like this.

"First, you can discount that kiddie-on-the-knee stuff that has garbled the story of our romance and marriage. You can say that I remembered Mark's little girl, but not really well until the last few years, during which we discovered that we have many interests in common.

"You can say that we're happy in our marriage. Just an ordinary, happy couple."

"That's it," said the youthful Mrs. McNeil. "Just a happy, ordinary married couple."

Archie pointed out that there is nothing really outstanding or unusual in their lives.

"We've taken up painting seriously," he said, explaining that he went to art school in Palm Beach, took his wife with him to some of the classes and aroused her interest in the artistic avocation. Now they often work together on the same picture. Betty does the sketching, her husband the painting.

They both like sports. They like to read, but neither of them drinks.

Young Mrs. McNeil's 90-year-old mother-in-law is all for the marriage, too.

"Betty's a wonderful girl," she said, "and my son's a wonderful man. They're both kind and considerate. They'll be happy, because, in their case, age makes no difference."

Now look!

Newest Gerber's Treats for Tots...

ARMOUR **Meats!** To complete your baby's Gerber-good meals.

Double good news for baby's menu—and your budget! There are several luscious servings in every can of the new Gerber Meats. Prepared from selected cuts of Armour Beef, Veal, Liver. All lean meat with *no fat—no waste!* And every ounce of it *so* good-tasting and nourishing! Like all Gerber's that babies go for—from Cereals through Desserts!

Big time-savers, too! Just heat and serve! No tiresome scraping! No cooking! Gerber's Meats for tiny tots are *strained* extra-smooth. And, Junior Meats are *chopped* extra fine for tykes with a few teeth. All with *complete high-quality proteins* your doctor knows help build blood, bones and a happy-go-lucky disposition.

P.S. to Dad—who pays the bills. Gerber's Meats for your baby *cost less than if cooked at home.* Strained and Junior *—one low price!*

Accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of The American Medical Association

Gerber's
BABY FOODS
FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL

3 Cereals • 20 Strained Foods • 15 Junior Foods
3 Strained Meats • 3 Junior Meats

ROYAL HOAX *of the* *Commoner Dancers*

The "Prince and Princess Selandia" Were Forced to Play the Part of Their Noble-Sounding Stage Name When Snobbish Society Made It Good Business

The Ballroom Dancers Spoke Glibly of Their Royal Backgrounds and Were Astonished to Find That They Were Accepted.

By Heywood Kling

A SLEEK limousine purred to a stop in front of a fashionable hotel in Miami Beach.

The doorman bowed obsequiously and half a dozen bellboys wrestled with a small mountain of smart, monogrammed luggage. A distinguished looking young couple stepped from the cushioned interior of the car and swept regally into the lobby.

Hotel officials rushed forward to greet them. Guests craned their necks for a better look—and a buzz of whispering arose. A woman turned to her companion, and asked:

"Who are they?"

"The Prince and Princess Selandia," he replied. And then, impatiently, he went on: "Now don't tell me you don't know who they are! They're the Danish royal couple who have come to fill a dancing engagement here!"

Few Americans can keep up with all those confusing European titles, and it didn't occur to anyone in Miami to doubt the royal status of the dancing couple. Fashionable Miami took the titles at face value, and outdid itself to welcome the visitors.

Official Washington sent a representative to Miami to give them a royal reception. Jim Farley and his daughters became friends of little Princess Yvonne, with her cute Danish accent. The late Henry L. Doherty was among the notables who were captivated by the Prince and Princess.

"My dear," one curious Miami society matron asked the Princess, "why, with your title, did you turn to the stage?"

"For something to do," the Princess replied. "It's so boring to live on a title, shut up in an old castle."

Miami was charmed with the democratic ways of the couple. They would never permit their titles to be used, but always insisted on being called plain "Mr. and Mrs. Selandia." Not until nine years later—by which time they had toured 47 of the 48 states, and had dissolved their dancing partnership—did the "prince" and "princess" reveal the fact that their titles had been an unplanned hoax.

The dancers had used "Prince and Princess Selandia" as stage names in Europe. They hadn't planned to fool Miami, but when Miami fooled itself, by taking the titles seriously, they decided to string along. It was good business.

The "princess" was born Ingrid Gundorph in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1909. At the age of 11, she made her dancing debut in Copenhagen. Later she planned to marry Baron Bogaerde de Terbrugga, then Belgian Ambassador to Brazil, but she changed her mind on the way to Rio de Janiero—and went to Broadway instead.

She danced in Florenz Ziegfeld's show, "Rio Rita," married Theodore Eurland, New York businessman, in 1920, and was left with a baby daughter when he died a year later.

Returning to Copenhagen, she met and married Wilhelm Selandia, dashing young ballroom dancer. They toured Europe as the "Prince and Princess," but in title-wise Europe nobody was fooled by a regal-sounding stage name.

In 1934 they came to America, and were booked into a Miami hotel. The minute they arrived in Miami, they realized that they were accepted as bona fide royalty. On the spur of the moment, Wilhelm devised a royal pedigree for each of them. "Selandia," he said, was Latin for the Island of Sjaelland, off the coast of Denmark, to which he said he was heir. He traced his lineage back to King Eric Pommern, ruler of Denmark, Norway and Sweden in the 14th century. His parents, he said, had been killed in an air raid on London while visiting King George V during World War I. The "princess," he said, was the daughter of "Count and Countess Gundorph of Copenhagen."

They spoke glibly of royalty in other lands. At the time of the coronation of King George VI, they said that their royal friends had invited them to attend, but they hadn't accepted because "they disliked crowds and all the fuss of such elaborate ceremonies."

The "princess" said that her husband knew the Duke of Windsor well. "David often told him," she said, "that he was not interested in reigning but wanted to live his own life."

The "princess" went on: "We who know the burden of a crown can understand that."

In Canada, Erik Peterson, the unsuspecting Danish Vice-Consul at Calgary, gave a reception for them—and in Winnipeg they were guests of honor at a party attended by the visiting Swedish and Norwegian ministers.

"They didn't question our authenticity," the "princess" said recently. "Why should they take a chance of starting trouble for themselves? It was perfectly possible, you know, that we were the real thing."

Through every state except Texas, the Selandias carried their masquerade. Then, in 1943, the "princess" divorced Wilhelm, and married Louis Clement, a New York doctor. The partnership broke up, and the "royal secret" was divulged.

"My friends just laughed when the truth came out," she remarked. "But some of the social lions who were so eager to make our acquaintance didn't take the hoax lightly. Perhaps they remembered the free caviar and champagne they had served the 'prince' and myself."

Wilhelm went back to Europe, found a new dancing partner and dropped his phony title. The "princess" doesn't try to fool anyone any more! She is too happy being a doctor's wife and plain Mrs. Clement.

Here's the most modern toaster you can buy!

Only Camfield gives you all these features: Exclusive—

Equa-Therm...fully automatic pop-up...color selector ...

first heat-compensating toast-timer ever devised

perfect toast every time...Instant finger tip

without pre-heating, toasts slice after slice exactly alike

release...Hinged crumb tray ...operates on AC or DC.

Yet the unusual Camfield costs scarcely more than an ordinary toaster. Buy it alone, or as part of the glamorous new "TOASTESS" and "TOASTETTE" Serving Sets, made exclusively by Camfield. Ask for Camfield by name today.

• Sold at leading department, hardware and jewelry stores, and others selling fine electrical appliances. Camfield Manufacturing Company, Grand Haven, Mich. In Canada, Addison Industries, Ltd., Toronto.

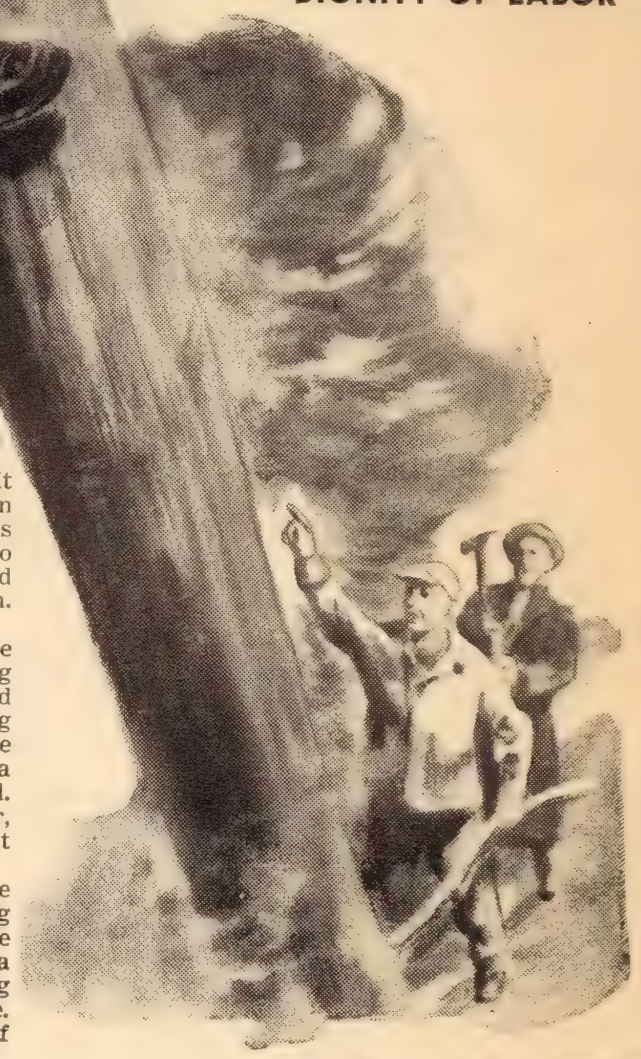
★ CAMFIELD

AUTOMATIC pop-up TOASTER

HEROES *of the Power Lines*

In the Heat of the Fire, Tom King Climbed the Smoking Pole to Play the Fire Hose on the Blazing Crossbars

Unfailing Devotion to Public Welfare Is the Electric Lineman's Contribution to THE DIGNITY OF LABOR



By Booton Herndon

Illustrated by A. S. PACKER

FIRE swept through a lumber mill, and the flames, soaring high, ignited the crossbars and tops of the tall poles of a near-by high power line. That line meant electric service to the section around Bainbridge, Ga. If it went down, 24 hours would be needed for its repair.

A crew from the power and light company roared up on the heels of the firemen, but the linemen shook their heads. The water pressure was not high enough to reach the blazing crossbars. It looked hopeless. Then Tom King, a crew member, started putting on climbers.

"Come on, men!" he shouted. "If the water won't reach, we'll help it."

In the heat of the fire, up the smoking pole went Tom King. When he got as high as he could, he pulled up the fire hose by means of the rope tied around his waist, and played it on the blazing crossbars. Other members of the crew ran to other poles. The lines were saved.

King and the other members of the crew were this year's winners of the Claude L. Matthews Valor award, presented annually for heroism by the Edison Electric Institute, of New York. Each year the award committee has plenty of applicants, for heroism is no stranger to the men on the high-tension lines.

When the conditions are worst, when fires are blazing, or blizzards blowing, or floods raging, that's when electric linemen are needed most. J. B. Handley, of Childress, Tex., caught in the worst blizzard the Texas Panhandle had seen in years, brought not only endurance, but common sense and ingenuity to his job.

Searching for a break in a high-tension line, Handley set out in the blizzard of half-snow, half-rain, to follow the line across country. He carried only a pair of pliers. By the time he'd gone a mile, he was exhausted.

He went 10 miles, then found shelter in a farm house where he spent the night. He milked the cow, fed the hogs and chopped wood next morning in return for his lodgings, and started out again. More miles down the line he found the trouble—the wires were off the insulator and lying grounded on the crossbars.

The pole was covered with ice. Then Handley remembered how he used to climb poles as a kid. He stripped a piece of wire off a fence, tied it loosely around the pole, and made a loop in the end. With his foot in the loop and all his weight on the foot, the wire would bite into the pole and stay — maybe. He tried it, and it worked. He replaced the wire, and came down.

He repeated that stunt seven times.

Russell Sarrine, a utility company employe of Saginaw, Mich., became a hero after working hours. A storm had blown down wires and flooded the streets. Near his home a young woman, Ruth Carpenter, was about to wade through a river of water in the street, near a fallen live wire, when an automobile approached. The driver saw Miss Carpenter and avoided her, but hit the spluttering wire and knocked it against the young woman.

Sarrine heard screams and got to the scene just as bystanders had succeeded in pushing away the wire with a dry broomstick. Sarrine administered artificial respiration for nearly a half-hour. The young woman began breathing once more. Sarrine's patience saved her life.

Charles P. Elam, a husky line foreman of Greenville, Miss., wasted no time with broomsticks. He looked up just as a fellow worker, C. K. Bradford, was preparing to attach a test cable to a live connection. Elam dived at Bradford in a daring flying tackle.

The blow knocked the lineman away from the voltage pouring into him, though not in time to save him from serious burns. Elam suffered lesser burns of the hands and face.

Two power company servicemen inaugurated a new method of repair during the recent Columbia River flood. A few miles below Wenatchee, Wash., Joe Morgan and Paul Trull looked helplessly at a wire dangling into flood waters 50 impassable feet from shore. It made a short circuit, shutting down electric power for several miles. The wire had to be cut.

"Let's shoot it in two," Morgan suggested. There was a roar of laughter, but then someone came up with a high-powered rifle.

Trull shouldered the gun and fired. His second shot broke the wire, removing the cause of the short circuit, and restored service.

Ralph Jackson of Harlan, Ky., had a flood to put up with, too, but it was up to him to mend a wire, not break it. The Cumberland River was icy cold and swollen by spring rains, but Jackson volunteered. He tied a rope around his waist and dived in. Jackson, shivering, reached the other side, pulled the wire over, and set up a temporary span over the river.

It is not only the electric companies' linemen, however, who have that spirit of service. In Pittsburgh, Pa., during a flood several years ago, two telephone operators reported for work in the flooded building of the power company by climbing ladders and scrambling over rooftops. That way Margaret Daily and Margaret Gross came in to relieve their chief operator, Jean Morris, who'd been marooned overnight on the 12th floor of the building.

The three stayed on the top floor for three days, busy with the lines still in service, providing communications to the busy linemen.

Name "The Great Gildersleeve" Mystery Baby

WIN A NEW '49 FORD

IN PARKAY MARGARINE'S $50,000 CONTEST

20 FORDS – 721 prizes in all !

721 WONDERFUL PRIZES IN ALL!

Every week! **4** '49 Fords

Every week! **20** Cory Coffee Makers

Every week! **20** "Toastmaster" toasters

Every week! **40** G. E. Table Radios

Every week! **60** Crisp new $10 bills

5 Big Weekly Contests
Four '49 Fords and
140 other prizes every week for 5 weeks *plus* **$1,000.00 jackpot for final winner.**

1st weekly contest starts October 10, ends midnight October 16.

2nd weekly contest starts October 17, ends midnight October 23.

3rd weekly contest starts October 24, ends midnight October 30.

4th weekly contest starts October 31, ends midnight November 6.

5th weekly contest starts November 7, ends midnight November 13.

HELPFUL HINTS TO HELP YOU WIN!

Radio's comedy bachelor, "The Great Gildersleeve," is "nursemaid" to this cute little mystery baby. And he doesn't know what to call her. What name would *you* give her? Your suggestion may win you a '49 Ford, plus a jackpot of $1,000.00, or any one of 700 other wonderful prizes. Here's the Mystery Baby's description:

She weighs 16 lbs. She has fluffy blonde fuzz for hair and dimpled elbows and knees—chubby as a dumpling. Tiny rosebud mouth, no teeth yet —and a winning smile.

What would *you* call her? "Sugar," because she's so sweet? Or Violet, or Betty or June? A name as simple as these examples may win. It's easy—it's fun—read the rules and try for one of the twenty '49 Fords and that $1,000.00 jackpot right now!

SO EASY! SUCH FUN! FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES TO WIN!

1. Print or write plainly your choice of a name for The Great Gildersleeve's Mystery Baby on coupon here, on grocery store entry blank or plain sheet of paper.

2. Send in as many entries as you wish. Write each name you send on a separate entry blank (your dealer has them) or on a separate plain sheet of paper. With *each entry* enclose the red end-flap from a package of Parkay Margarine.

3. Print your name and address plainly on your entry. (Include, too, the name and address of the dealer from whom you bought your Parkay Margarine.) Send your entries to: *Parkay Margarine*, Box 736—Chicago 77, Illinois.

4. There will be five weekly contests. First contest starts October 10, 1948, last contest ends midnight November 19, 1948. All entries must be postmarked before midnight of each closing date. Entries received before midnight October 16th will be judged in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be judged in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week's contest must be postmarked before midnight November 13 and received by November 20, 1948. No entries will be returned, and no correspondence entered into. You accept conditions of these rules when you enter.

5. Winners and weekly prize winners will be notified by mail. Ford winners are eligible for the $1,000.00 jackpot prize and agree not to sell their prizes (if Ford is selected instead of cash) for one year. Complete lists of winners sent on request to anyone sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Weekly Ford winners will be announced on "The Great Gildersleeve" radio program, Wednesday, 8:30 p.m., E.S.T., NBC, and also in a future issue of the American Weekly.

6. Entries will be judged on originality, uniqueness and aptness of thought. Judge's decision is final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All entries become the property of Kraft Foods Company.

7. Any person living in the continental limits of the United States may enter this contest—except employes of the Kraft Foods Company, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Contest subject to Federal and State regulations.

How to win your new '49 FORD!

"The Great Gildersleeve" . . . radio's popular bachelor . . . has become "nursemaid" to a cuddly little lost baby girl. He doesn't know who she belongs to—she has no name—and he needs your help. Name this Mystery Baby for him . . . and win a brand new '49 Ford!

20 Cars to be given away! Yes, 20 lucky entrants can win new Fords— "The Car of the Year"—in this easy Parkay Margarine baby naming contest. Four new Fords will be given away every week for 5 weeks. In addition, the final winner will receive a jackpot of $1,000—and 140 other wonderful prizes will be given away weekly, beginning October 10, 1948.

Easy to win—here's all you do! Just name The Great Gildersleeve's Mystery Baby. She's blonde, she's cute, she's cuddly. Thinking up names for her will be easy—fun too. You don't have to be clever to win. You might call her Rose because of her rose-bud mouth, or June or Wendy—names as simple as that might win. These are just samples, of course —you can easily think up better names yourself. Don't wait—start entering now. Enter every week, as often as you like. With each entry include the red end-flap from a package of Parkay Margarine. You'll love Parkay—it's the Kraft quality margarine with the wonderful, sweet-tasting flavor. Buy some flavor-fresh Parkay—clip the coupon and send in your first entry *now*—get additional entry blanks from your dealer.

You can win even if you don't listen to "The Great Gildersleeve." But you'll have more fun if you tune in Wednesday nights 8:30 p.m. E.S.T., NBC.

Send red end-flap

Clip coupon now . . . get additional entry blanks from your dealer.

Enclose the red end-flap from a package of Parkay Margarine with each entry. Send to Parkay Margarine, Box 736—Chicago 77, Illinois. AW

I name "The Great Gildersleeve" Mystery Baby.....

My own name is.....

My address is.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

My dealer's name and address is.....

BROKEN

By Philip Drew

IN THE austere, Georgian home of Columbia University's President, high on a bluff of Morningside Heights in New York, there was a quiet dinner party one night last summer.

It was a pleasant time, seemingly, and uneventful. Every one said so. Yet you might have called it a heartbreak party. You might have said that to yourself if, among that small group, you had been one—a poised and charming woman—sitting there, calm and chatty in the softly-lighted, high-ceilinged dining room.

It wasn't heartbreaking, or anything except congenial, because of who was there or what was said. It was exceptional, irrevocably exceptional, because of who was absent and of what all through the hot, July night was left unsaid.

America's great General, Dwight D. Eisenhower, the new President of the University, and Mrs. Eisenhower, were host and hostess. The day was their 32nd wedding anniversary, and old friends were with them.

A foursome, however, which had been a happy, complete unity for many years, was on this evening—the first of July—no longer unbroken.

The foursome was—or had been—the General and Mrs. Eisenhower, and the General's aide in war, Captain Harry C. Butcher, and Mrs. Ruth Butcher.

On this evening, three of the four were there. The ring was broken. Butcher was absent. From long before that time they had been first names to one another; Ike and Mamie, whom the General married in youth; Butch and Ruth, whom Butcher, too, married in youth—Ruth alone, in a way, this evening, alone.

Butcher, tall and angular, handsome and able to make friends anywhere, wasn't present because he was a sort of wartime casualty. He had been caught up in a romance in Europe. He had fallen in love, there, with a slim, auburn-haired young woman whom he had married after Ruth had divorced him.

His absence broke the foursome because on that night he was in his new home, with his new wife, on the Pacific Coast.

All of this—Butcher's absence and his wartime change of heart and the aftermath—was covered brightly and suavely that night at the little party, which pointed up, as much as anything has, the final break in the notable foursome.

Long before the war, the four had been close friends. Then, during the war, Mamie Eisenhower and Ruth Butcher lived the war out together in the Wardman Park Hotel in Washington. General Eisenhower and Captain Butcher, his aide, lived it out together from the invasion of Algiers to the German surrender at Rheims.

THEN, after the war, Butcher wrote the 911-page book, his widely popular diary, "My Three Years With Eisenhower."

It is a detailed story of what he and General Eisenhower did and saw, and the index is so complete that it has 26 references to the General's dog, Telek. That is 21 more references than there are to the tall, rangy young woman, Mary Margaret Ford, daughter of Mrs. Thomas John Ford, of New York, who served with the American Red Cross in Africa, Sicily, Italy, England, France and Germany.

It was she who in wartime fell in love with Butcher, and he with her. They were married in 1946, a month after Mrs. Butcher obtained a Florida divorce. They were, this last summer, the apparently happy couple moving in the society of Santa Barbara, Calif., raising Scotty dogs, often seen at the Valley Club of Montecito, where Butcher played golf in the 70s until his new wife called for him in their car.

They were popular and carefree. She had her social life and home life. So did he, and he also had his radio station, KIST.

The war, it appeared, had opened a new life for them, while for the first Mrs. Butcher it had closed an old one.

While they were on the West Coast, the first Mrs. Butcher was preparing to occupy a new home she had bought in Washington. It was being remodeled, made ready for the beginning of her own new life.

This is the sequel of the love story of Ruth

Mrs. Ruth Barton Butcher Found Out, When the War Ended, That Her Husband Wasn't Coming Back to Her, But to Another Woman.

FOURSOME

The Eisenhowers and the Butchers Had Been Close Friends for Years Until the War Made the General's Aide a Romantic Casualty

Barton and Harry C. Butcher, who were married in 1924, when both were students at the University of Iowa.

The acquaintance of the Butchers and Eisenhowers dates back almost as far. They met in 1926, in Washington, at the wedding of the General's brother, Milton Eisenhower (later president of Kansas State College), who married Miss Helen Eakin, of Washington.

Butcher since then has been, most of the time, a writer, editor and radio executive. He started as editor of the Illinois Agricultural Association Record; for three years was managing editor of the Fertilizer Review; opened the Washington office of the Columbia Broadcasting System in 1929; then was director of that office and manager of Station WJSV in Washington; became vice-president in charge of C.B.S. in Washington; and went on active duty as Communications Officer in the Navy in 1942. Three months later he was Eisenhower's naval aide.

WHEN he left Washington for war, Ruth Butcher found their big house in a fine section of the city's northwest area a lonesome place. She did not say so to newspaper people. She has never discussed her affairs with them, never has said anything at all for publication. But she did grow lonesome, without her husband, and she did go to the big Wardman Park Hotel, there to spend the war years with Mrs. Eisenhower.

A year after he left home, Butcher met Mary Margaret Ford, known to all her friends as Molly.

She was a graduate of Ursuline Convent, the Pines, Chatham, Ontario, and also attended Brescia Hall, London, Ontario. Her Red Cross work brought her to the attention of Butcher.

"She went to work in the Red Cross around the end of 1942," Butcher said recently. "Her first assignment was to North Africa and she did a good job, believe me. She went into Algiers, and I met her soon afterward.

"At that time I was with General Ike in North Africa. She was assigned from Algiers to Palermo, briefly, then to Naples and by that time she had been assigned to Red Cross War Relief, which was assisting remnants of the Italian Red Cross.

"During most of the time she was in Italy, I was in England, but in the spring of 1944, when we were going into France, she was transferred to England, where I was with General Ike.

"All the time in Europe, I'd see her only occasionally until she was transferred to London and later to France, when SHAEF moved to the Continent."

Ruth Butcher did not know that her husband saw Molly Ford at all—she did not know there was a Molly Ford—until the war was over.

Butcher came home—at last, at last, she believed, thinking of saying goodby to the Wardman Park Hotel—when the war ended. He came home from the war in June of 1945 and up to and even after his arrival she thought he came home to her.

It was June, the homecoming month. It was 11:07 A. M. in Washington when the plane bearing the nation's idol, General Eisenhower, and Butcher among others, touched ground. The General stepped down the portable steps from the cabin, and there was Mamie Eisenhower to meet him. All around were thousands waiting to see and greet and hail him.

Butcher pushed his way down a few moments afterward. Ruth was not there, near the plane on the field. She was away from the mob, on the sidelines, waiting (with their little daughter, Beverly) and there to her, for that moment, he came back from war.

He still had duties to perform, however, he said later in his book, and so, he said, further homecoming greetings were interrupted. She stayed there, and he was assigned to ride in the command car with General Marshall and General Eisenhower to the Pentagon. Their car, in a moment, was lost among a multitude of faces and waving hands.

Thirty thousand persons jammed the airport that day. Other thousands lined the way to the Pentagon. The command car, with General Marshall and General Eisenhower, moved slowly, stopped often to avoid bumping someone, plowed through adoring throngs.

AT the Pentagon there was luncheon, then General Eisenhower held a press conference. After that, Butcher said in his diary, there was time for a "brief respite" at the Wardman Park, before a final, triumphal drive to the White House. In the White House, said Butcher, President Truman entertained a stag party of 53 officers and enlisted men at a dinner as homey as a community supper in Missouri. There was no speech-making, and everyone, on the evening of the day of the homecoming to the Capital, was starting homeward by 9:30 in the evening.

Now, in the diary, there is a blank. Butcher's next item concerns the morning after. His 13-year-old daughter, he said, got breakfast, and he rode with her to the airport. With General Eisenhower, he took off for New York.

Ruth Butcher's bill of complaint, and her testimony in the Circuit Court of the 11th Judicial Circuit of Florida, in and for Dade County, in Chancery, fills out the story.

SHE filed the complaint on March 22, 1946, saying that then she was a resident of Miami Beach, Fla., and declaring:

"About three days after defendant's (Butcher) return to the home of the parties (he and she) he advised plaintiff (she) that he could never live with her again; that he had ceased to care for her; that he must have his freedom and that he had for a long time cared for and desired to marry another individual."

She never did say much more than that, although on April 4, 1946, at 4 P. M., Darrey A. Davis, Special Master in Chancery, held a hearing at his office, 605 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach. There her attorney interrogated her and she replied, and these were some of the questions and answers:

Question: When he (Butcher) left to go overseas were you and your husband living together as man and wife?

Answer: Yes, that is right.

Q. When did he return?

A. In June, 1945.

Q. What happened then that prevented your living together after that?

A. He told me he was in love with some one else.

Q. What else did he say?

A. That he wished a divorce and did not want to live with me any more.

Q. Did he say anything about loving another woman?

A. Oh, yes; he met her overseas.

Q. Did he say he had fallen in love with her any particular length of time.

A. Yes, a year and a half.

Q. What effect did such conduct on his part have on you?

A. Well, it was a terrific shock to me and I became quite ill and then I came to Florida as the doctor ordered me away, and I wanted to get away from there anyway.

Q. From where?

A. From Washington.

The Master in Chancery then questioned Ruth Butcher. He spoke quietly and Ruth Butcher answered in a low, clear voice.

"When the defendant was separated from military service and came home did you live together with him as husband and wife?" he asked.

"No," said Ruth Butcher.

"Was that the first time you had any knowledge that the defendant had no love for you?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Butcher.

The Master questioned her, more.

"During the time you lived with the defendant, did you always conduct yourself as a dutiful wife," he inquired.

"Yes," Ruth Butcher said. "I thought so."

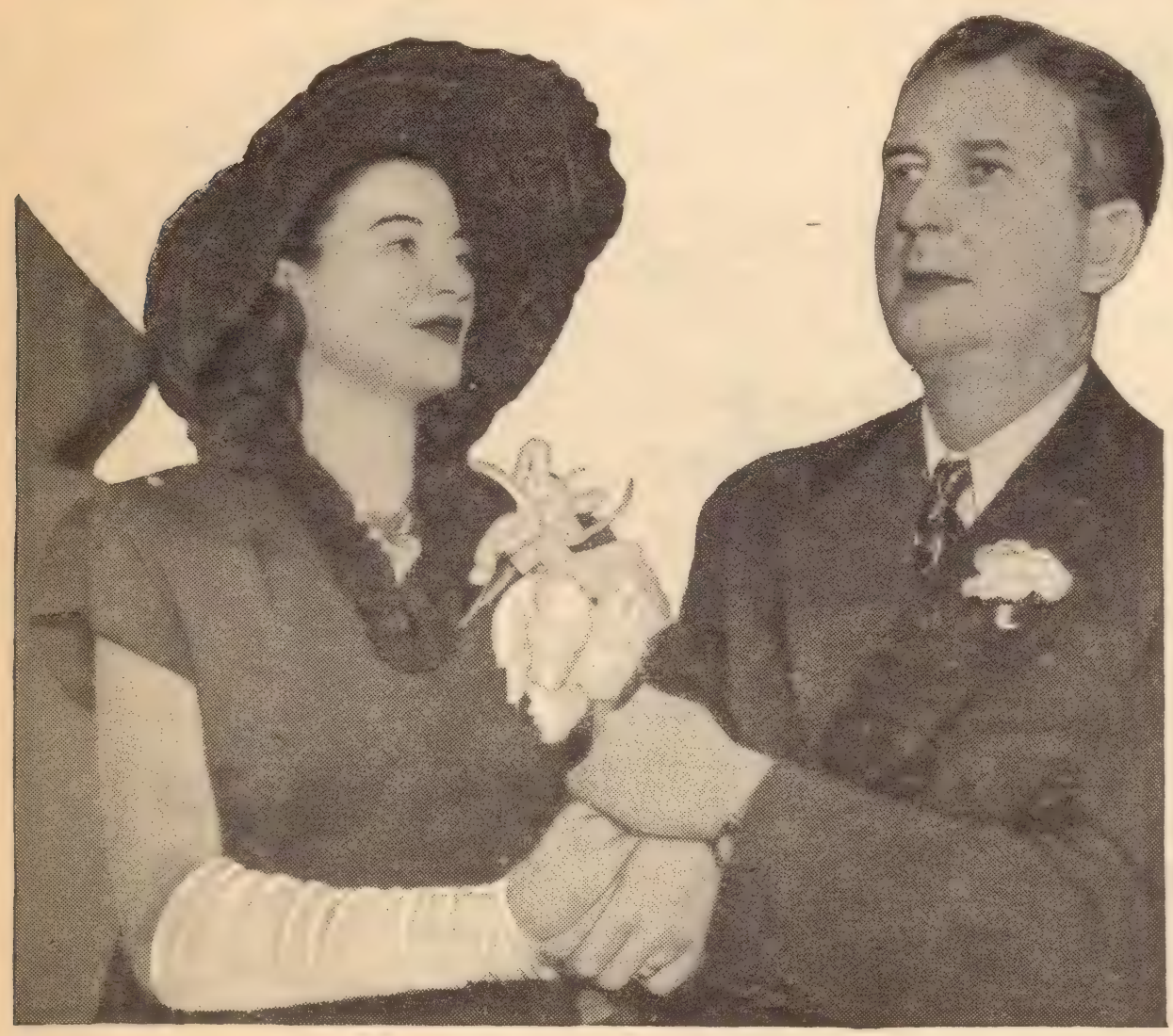
ON grounds of "extreme cruelty," the divorce was granted, with Ruth Butcher receiving custody of the child. Butcher, who had loved the child greatly, was given the right to visit her at reasonable times. He and Ruth Butcher had agreed upon a property settlement.

This, the granting of the decree, was on April 13, 1946. Twenty-four days later Captain Harry C. Butcher III, U.S.N.R., former naval aide to General Eisenhower, then 45 years of age, and Mary Margaret Ford, then 35 years of age, were married.

President Judge Edward Leroy Can Roden, of the Delaware County Orphans Court, a former colonel with the 7th Corps in the Normandy invasion, presided, in Philadelphia.

The bride wore white orchids, a neat, precise corsage.

At the Butchers' old home in Washington, this last summer, the peacetime home, there were flowers, too. Tiger lilies, planted by Ruth Butcher, grew untended in long, dry grass outside the locked front door.



Captain Butcher Could Hardly Wait to Marry His War-Time Sweetheart, Mary Margaret Ford, After Mrs. Butcher Received Her Divorce Decree.

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☆ *"[illegible] knows I have it on [illegible]"*

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Jack's Good Looks and Courtly Manners Captivated the Lonely Widow and Soon He Became Her Favorite Taxi-Driver

Cabby KNILEY'S Wealthy Wives

Twice He Married Rich Women Older Than Himself and Each Bequeathed Him a Fortune

By Irving Johnson

JACK KNILEY always had an aristocratic air about him. Forty years ago, he was a slim young man with young blond hair and a smooth, pinkish complexion. He dressed conservatively and his manners and appearance would have passed in anybody's drawing room.

His friends in Atlantic City used to say he was never cut out to be a taxi-driver.

Handsome Jack felt the same way and it wasn't long before he did something about it. By 1910 he had driven his last fare and after 1911 he had someone else driving for him.

In 1911, and again in 1942, he married rich women much older than himself. Both wives died and bequeathed him fortunes.

His first wife, Mrs. Isabella Fishblatt, was the widow of a rich fur merchant. She died in 1941 and when her estate was settled, the ex-cabbie's share was estimated at $100,000.

His second wife, Mrs. Margaret Burns Clyde, died last December. She was the widow of William G. Clyde, former president of Carnegie Steel, and willed Jack a large portion of her $450,000 estate.

This time, the dapper Mr. Kniley may not collect all his legacy. The children of the second Mrs. Kniley have contested the will on the grounds that she was mentally incompetent when she married him as well as when she signed it.

The legal squalls blew up soon after Mrs. Kniley's death, with both sides finally agreeing on a cash settlement for Kniley and disagreeing sharply on the amount.

Jack Kniley was only 24 the first time Fortune hailed his hack. It was an afternoon in 1909 and he was called to drive dark, attractive Mrs. Fishblatt to the Atlantic City station.

Mrs. Fishblatt was 37 and for 10 years had been the lonely mistress of Ocean View, the $500,000 shorefront mansion her husband built for her in 1896. Captain Louis Fishblatt had died in 1899 and his young widow continued to live in the house with a small staff of servants.

On the ride to the station in 1909, she was charmed by Kniley's good looks and his courtly manners. She always called for him afterwards when she wanted a taxi.

In July, 1910, she hired him as her chauffeur and not long afterwards he moved into sumptuous Ocean View. In a few months he was calling her "Babe" and in 1911 she took him on a Caribbean cruise. It was a romantic voyage and they were secretly married in Jamaica.

The wedding ring was inscribed: "From Jack to Babe."

They returned to Atlantic City and told no one about the marriage. Mrs. Fishblatt Kniley was often in the company of Dr. William W. Harrison, wealthy Philadelphia sugar man, who gave her $750,000 in stocks and bonds and left her another $500,000 when he died in 1928.

The 1911 marriage in Jamaica was still a dark secret when Kniley and the rich widow were married a second time in an elaborate ceremony at an Atlantic City hotel in 1935.

The first Mrs. Kniley died in March, 1941, and it wasn't until then that Kniley mentioned their marriage in Jamaica.

She left a complicated will and, by the time her estate was settled, Kniley was married again and living with the wealthy widow Clyde in her $50,000 home in Ventnor, N. J.

He met Mrs. Clyde in 1942 and in June of that year eloped to Elkton, Md., with the steel man's 71-year-old widow.

Jack Kniley, at 57, was the same slim, pink-cheeked cavalier he was in 1909 and if his hair was turning gray it didn't show.

This marriage was freighted with trouble from the start. The former Mrs. Clyde's son, William, and a daughter, Mrs. Emma Hodge, wife of a Pittsburgh industrialist, sued immediately to have it annulled.

In the court scenes that followed, Mrs. Kniley's sanity was defended by Dr. George Schwarzkopf, Atlantic City physician, who was to offer similar testimony later in the will contest.

A maid testified that Mrs. Kniley was always "seeing" women playing around with her husband and would "scream and carry on awful if I didn't pretend to shoo them away."

A banker said he never saw a woman so incompetent at handling finances.

Mrs. Kniley's daughter, Mrs. Hodge, said her mother once insisted that her car was stolen "when I could see it in the garage." She said her mother also complained about a burly Irishman who carried her around in a basket.

S. Paul Ridgway, counsel for Mrs. Kniley's children, charged that, on the way back from her wedding in Elkton, the elderly bride "was taken to a hospital in Lewes, Del., where she was found suffering from senile dementia."

On Nov. 14, 1942, Mrs. Kniley was found "mentally incompetent as of, and after, June 11, 1942." The Boardwalk National Bank, of Atlantic City, was named her guardian.

The following year, Mrs. Kniley claimed that her mental health had been restored and asked for a reversal of the 1942 ruling. She lost the case, but the annulment case was finally dismissed in December, 1944.

The second Mrs. Kniley died on Dec. 10, 1947, and the bitter court dispute was picked up where it had been left off. Her will dissolved all trusts created earlier and left the Ventnor home and a third of her estate to Kniley.

The same arguments that were raised in the annulment suit were re-heard and counsel for the plaintiffs even challenged Kniley's right to an automobile his wife had given him.

"That's not his either," snapped lawyer Ridgway. "She had no right to give it to him."

After a long series of charges and countercharges had been put into the record, the parties to the suit agreed on a settlement.

Throughout the court hearings, one thing was strikingly apparent—Jack Kniley still had the air of a gentleman. At 63, he was still slim and handsome, his hair seemed as blond as ever and his face was smooth and pinkish.

His manners and appearance would have passed in anybody's drawing room.

Illustrated by ROBERT W. CROWTHER

Dean Cornwell paints the Miss

The Distinguished Artist Depicts a Cataclysm in the Story-Filled History of San Juan Capistrano

IN ALL California there was none so beautiful as Magdalena. She had a nice wit, too, and a gay, sweet way with her. It was no wonder, they said at the San Juan Capistrano Mission, that the young artist, Teofilo, loved her madly.

They said it gloomily, and shook their heads, for they knew that Magdalena was not one to trust. All her life was a bright deception. Hers was a pure Spanish blood, she said, but the old wives knew that she was half Indian.

Teofilo, the Indian artist, did not mind what any one said. He knew only that he wanted to marry Magdalena—and the story of their tragic love has come down through the years as one of the abiding legends of California's historic missions.

"It will be a dark day when they are wed," the old wives said, and Teofilo wanted to hasten the day. Going reverently to the Padre, he asked permission to marry the girl of his choice.

"I cannot live without her," he told the Padre.

"You can, and I am afraid you must," the Padre said. "Magdalena is deceitful by nature. Her influence would be evil."

"We love each other, Padre," Teofilo pleaded. "It does not matter whether she is Spanish or not."

"My son, you must forget her," the Padre answered.

Teofilo could not forget her. He never could stop thinking of her. Arrangements were made for him to marry another—Ana, a meek, plain Indian girl—and he refused. Again he went to the Padre.

"The people misjudge Magdalena," he said. "She is so beautiful and pure, Padre, that I chose her as a model for the angels I have painted."

Finally, the Padre relented.

"I will fix a penance," he said, "and if she carries it out, I will marry you to her in the church."

Magdalena agreed. "Any penance, Padre," she said. "I love Teofilo."

"Therefore," the Padre said, "you will carry a penitent's candle in the front row of Indian women tomorrow at Mass."

Magdalena paled. Always, never once deviating, she had declared proudly her Spanish blood.

"Yes, Padre," she said.

The next morning, long before Mass, the townsfolk began to go in whispering groups to the church.

Magdalena went a little later. Teofilo went, too. With the others they entered the "Jewel of Missions," this magnificent Capistrano church. It was the morning of Dec. 8, 1812, the day observed by Catholics as the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Magdalena, bearing a penitent's candle, was moving forward to take her place when she, and the others, heard a distant rumble. The floor began to quiver. The building began to creak. The bell tower above groaned and crackled.

The rumble became a deep roar. The walls were shaking. The Mission Fathers in sanctuary began to cry out.

"Take refuge in the sacristy! Run for the sacristy!"

The great bells, above, swayed and tolled. Magdalena—with Teofilo, now, at her side—stood directly beneath the tower. The bells tolled, and momentarily were silent.

Then the whole church was thunderous with the crashing tower, the breaking walls, an avalanche of stone and mortar and mighty, splintering beams.

It was an earthquake. In an instant it transformed into ruins the "Jewel of Missions." Forty worshipers were killed, crushed under mountainous debris.

Beneath the wreckage of the bell tower, united in death, were Magdalena and Teofilo.

Today a new chapter in the coastal missions is being written. A grant of $500,000 from the Hearst Foundation will be distributed for use in restoration of the hallowed landmarks.

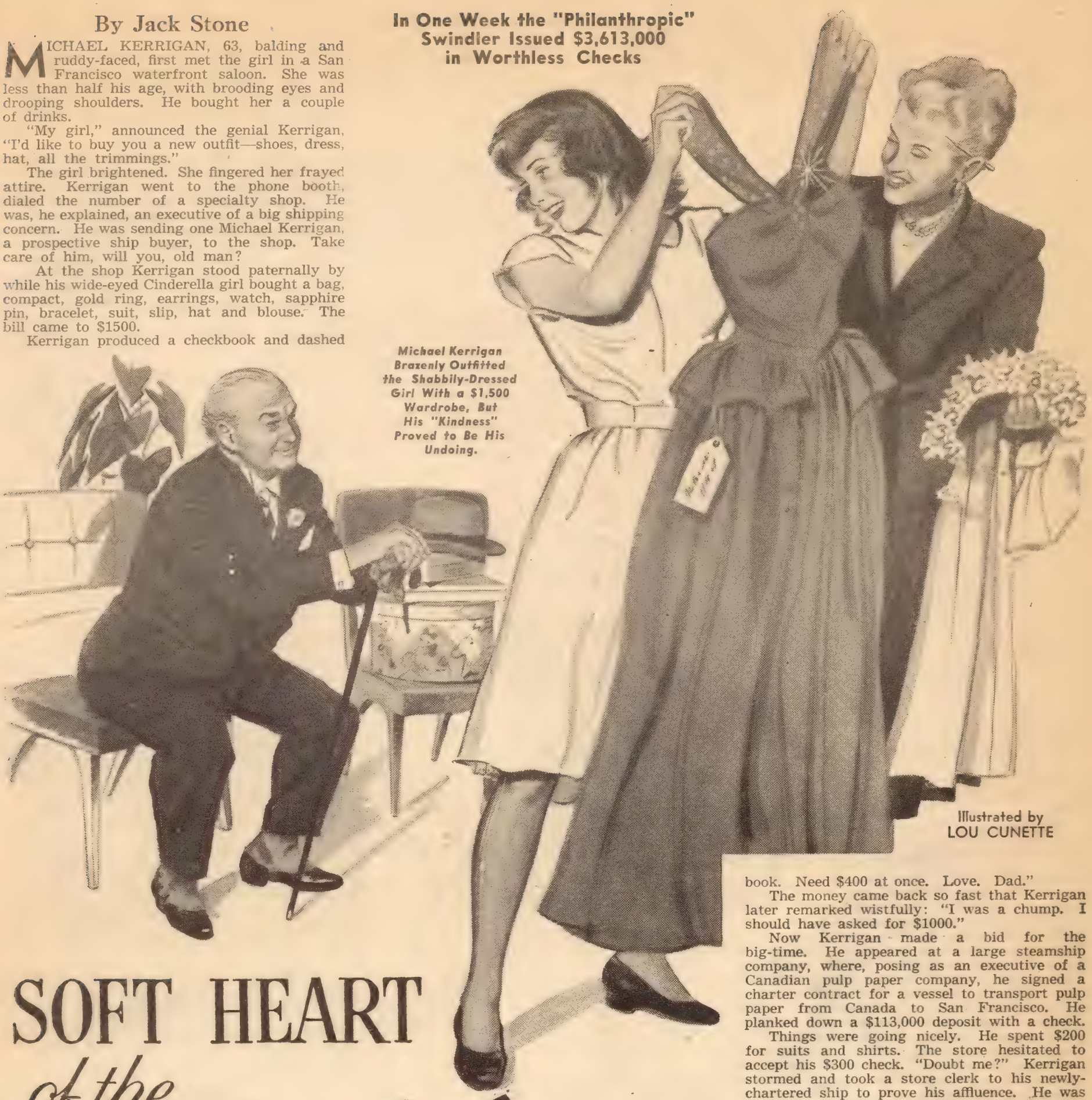
First to attain again its old beauty and dignity through this gift is 176-year-old Mission San Luis Obispo. In a day-long celebration, people of all creeds rejoiced at its rededication and Bishop Aloysius J. Willinger, of the Monterey-Fresno diocese said: "It is a lasting memorial of the charity of other days, a bulwark for the faith today, and an assurance of hope for the future."

The Earthquake Which Ruined the Great Church in 1812 Brought to a Tragic Conclusion the Half-Breed Girl's Hopeless Love for Her Indian Sweetheart.

SIONS

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY commissioned the muralist, Dean Cornwell, to follow the old, historic mission trail in California and to record on canvas his impressions of those hallowed landmarks in the progress of our civilization. Here is the second of a series of pictures, painted by a fine artist assigned to a timeless subject.

In One Week the "Philanthropic" Swindler Issued $3,613,000 in Worthless Checks



Michael Kerrigan Brazenly Outfitted the Shabbily-Dressed Girl With a $1,500 Wardrobe, But His "Kindness" Proved to Be His Undoing.

Illustrated by LOU CUNETTE

SOFT HEART of the HARD Mr. Kerrigan

By Jack Stone

MICHAEL KERRIGAN, 63, balding and ruddy-faced, first met the girl in a San Francisco waterfront saloon. She was less than half his age, with brooding eyes and drooping shoulders. He bought her a couple of drinks.

"My girl," announced the genial Kerrigan, "I'd like to buy you a new outfit—shoes, dress, hat, all the trimmings."

The girl brightened. She fingered her frayed attire. Kerrigan went to the phone booth, dialed the number of a specialty shop. He was, he explained, an executive of a big shipping concern. He was sending one Michael Kerrigan, a prospective ship buyer, to the shop. Take care of him, will you, old man?

At the shop Kerrigan stood paternally by while his wide-eyed Cinderella girl bought a bag, compact, gold ring, earrings, watch, sapphire pin, bracelet, suit, slip, hat and blouse. The bill came to $1500.

Kerrigan produced a checkbook and dashed off payment. The manager suffered a moment of agonizing indecision. Kerrigan drew himself up. "Not honor my check, sir? Perhaps I should take my business elsewhere!"

That did it. Kerrigan and the girl left with their purchases.

A few hours later, when Inspector William Merrick arrested Kerrigan in his $24-a-day hotel suite, the girl had vanished. She had her outfit all right, on the strength of a phony check. But Kerrigan? He was broke, as usual. He had nothing but an explanation.

"She was down and out," he shook his head. "I felt sorry for her. I've got a weakness for poor people. I just have to help them."

When Kerrigan began a one-to-14-year term in San Quentin last July, however, the ship episode was only one incident in a week's career of big-time swindling that reached the $3,613,000 mark before it collapsed, to the vast relief of all parties concerned except Kerrigan.

Michael Kerrigan's pipe dream began in Beaumont, Texas, where he met members of a foreign syndicate there to buy American ships. An ex-shipping clerk himself, Kerrigan thought his knowledge of the game might enable him to turn a penny on any deal they made. To impress them with his importance, he bought three expensive hawsers from a chandler, paying for them with a worthless check.

Nothing came of that contact, so Kerrigan headed for California. En route he became friendly with a Pullman conductor who made reservation for him at a swank Pasadena hotel.

Kerrigan registered as "Arthur Slaven," a railway official. He played the nightclub circuit, paying $50 bar bills with $250 checks, squandered $400 in two days.

He played Hollywood, too, where his unpressed clothes and engineer's cap were put down as the sartorial foible of a wealthy eccentric. Bouncing checks spurred him northward. On the train he met Titus Miller, a retired businessman. Before the train reached San Francisco, Kerrigan knew enough about Miller to wire Miller's son: "Have lost wallet with checkbook. Need $400 at once. Love. Dad."

The money came back so fast that Kerrigan later remarked wistfully: "I was a chump. I should have asked for $1000."

Now Kerrigan made a bid for the big-time. He appeared at a large steamship company, where, posing as an executive of a Canadian pulp paper company, he signed a charter contract for a vessel to transport pulp paper from Canada to San Francisco. He planked down a $113,000 deposit with a check.

Things were going nicely. He spent $200 for suits and shirts. The store hesitated to accept his $300 check. "Doubt me?" Kerrigan stormed and took a store clerk to his newly-chartered ship to prove his affluence. He was piped aboard in style befitting a ship's owner. The clerk was impressed. The check was accepted.

That night the steamship company transported Kerrigan to his hotel in a chauffeured limousine. That night, too, he read where the foreign syndicate agents were in town. A bold new plan took shape in his mind.

He visited the offices of another large steamship line. "I represent Australian shipping interests," he announced. "I understand a foreign syndicate has offered you $2,075,000 for one of your liners. My principals would like to raise that to $3,500,000."

The line officials were delighted, but they were careful, too. While Kerrigan was driven off to survey the liner, they sent a cable to their Australian office to verify his connections there.

Kerrigan left the chauffeur-driven car before it reached the docks and entered the waterfront saloon where he met his Cinderella girl. About the time Kerrigan was spending freely at the specialty shop, the steamship line got an answer to its cable. "Cannot confirm Kerrigan claims," it ran. "Unknown here." It was just about then, also, that the $113,000 check bounced.

Was Kerrigan crushed and penitent upon his arrest? Jaunty as ever, he was taken to city jail to be booked. He talked with an inmate being released. "This will help you face the world," Kerrigan told his new acquaintance, producing his checkbook with a flourish.

The ex-prisoner walked to freedom with Kerrigan's $4,000 check in his pocket and a starry look in his eyes.

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Charlie Farrell's HAPPY FAREWELL TO FILMS

When He Could No Longer Take Hollywood Seriously, the Movie Star Moved Out Into Financial and Political Success

By Giles Wright

BACK in 1927 a gangling, boyish Hollywood extra by the name of Charles Farrell was called to the casting office of a major studio to be tested for the leading role in "Old Ironsides," a sea epic.

It was the chance of a lifetime and Farrell sat fidgeting in an anteroom, waiting for his summons to the "big opportunity."

A half-hour passed and his nervous expectancy made way for a slight feeling of irritation. At the end of an hour a slow burn had set in. Two hours passed and Farrell was seething. "Who," he asked himself, "do those bigshots think they are?"

Without a word he left the studio. Later that day he got a phone call. "Hey, where were you?" the casting director asked.

"Sitting," Charlie answered. "For two hours. I got tired. I'm still tired. Good-by!"

Farrell, an unknown, was in no position to be temperamental, but he had unconsciously adopted the one tactic that often excites curiosity: he was hard to reach.

Two days later, after repeated phone entreaties, Farrell the unknown consented to a screen test. He got the part. Less than a year later he was Farrell, the star.

Perhaps it was this independent spirit, his refusal to take himself or Hollywood too seriously, that enabled Charlie Farrell, ten years ago, to say good-by without regrets to his glamourous movie career and embark upon a new course that has brought him financial and political success.

Last April Farrell, whose portrayal of Chico opposite Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven" is still remembered, was chosen mayor of Palm Springs, Calif., swank film colony resort with a winter population of 16,000.

It was not as Charles Farrell the ex-actor that he won the municipal job, but as Charles Farrell, owner and operator of the exclusive Racquet Club, one of Palm Springs' most profitable business enterprises.

Two factors helped him avoid the nostalgia that afflicts the average ex-actor. One, he never really liked being before the cameras or being a celebrity. ("Even now people sometimes ask for my autograph. It makes me feel funny. It always did.")

And two, there was Virginia Valli, a star in her own right, who not only became Mrs. Farrell, but gladly gave up her own film career.

Photograph by Frank Bogart

Now That Charlie Farrell Is Mayor of Palm Springs, He Frequently Has to Interrupt Official Duties to Oblige the Autograph Hunters.

Charlie and Virginia were married in 1931 when both were riding high in the screen sky.

It was in 1932 that Charlie was offered "hundreds of acres" of land just north of Palm Springs, 150 miles from Hollywood, at a "ridiculously low price."

"I almost had enough money in my pocket at the time," Charlie said. "When I told Ralph Bellamy about it he asked me if the land was under water."

Charlie and Ralph bought the land, but Ralph later sold his interest to Charlie. Charlie sold most of the land at a nice profit, keeping 15 acres for himself.

"But I didn't hang onto the land long enough," Charlie said. "Recently a small portion of what I once owned sold for $100,000. My 15 acres must be worth $10,000 an acre."

Charlie's friends didn't have any place to play tennis, so he built a couple of courts on his acreage. The courts called for a small clubhouse. Then the players grew tired of lugging their own refreshments with them, so Charlie added a bar. A dining room followed.

Meantime he had been devoting less and less time to pictures. He wasn't the big star of early days, but he could have worked steadily if he'd chosen. One day he said to Virginia:

"Look, Honey, we're not happy in this picture racket. Let's get out for good."

Virginia thought that was a swell idea.

They set to work to make the Racquet Club a real business. More and more of Hollywood's film colony joined up and soon the club was a handsomely paying proposition.

When Charlie entered the Navy in 1941 Virginia carried on alone until he was discharged as a lieutenant-commander in 1945. Back in Palm Springs, he enlarged the club to three times its pre-war size.

"Virginia and I have what we want," the silver-haired but still boyish Charlie said. "We never really went for pictures. They separated us and the club lets us work together.

"Virginia's artistic. She handles all the decorating and landscaping and has charge of the rooms and maids. I handle finances, do the planning and—ahem!—make the decisions."

Charlie was put up for the Palm Springs council in 1946.

"I was surprised," he admitted. "I thought the townspeople would think me snooty because I owned a private club."

But they didn't. Charlie was elected. In April of this year the other councilmen picked him for mayor.

Last year he formed the Toyon Club on Catalina Island, 22 miles off the California mainland. He planned it as a resort spot like the Racquet Club, to be operated in the summer months while the Racquet Club was closed. That gave the Farrells a year-round enterprise.

TRIUMPH OF SURGERY *and the Great Spirit*

By William Engle

Two Miracles—One of Science and One of Faith—Transformed "Spider Boy" Into a Healthy Normal Indian Lad

YOU had to get used to it, Kenneth Thomas realized. When the other boys turned away from you in fear, or stopped to hoot at you, or even stoned you, you had to take it. The world was that way.

Kenneth learned this early. He understood that his gnarled body, his crippling deformity, set him apart from the other Indian children. They could play in the bright sunshine of Okmulgee, Okla. He and his shadow had to stay by the side of the road.

Spider Boy his name became, with his strange, long arms and his spidery feet, and his shuffling, sliding gait that let him move only a dozen yards before he had to sink down in an odd, distorted heap.

Spider Boy, they said, and some, getting used to him, were kind, and others, superstitious, knelt down once (perhaps many times) and prayed to the Great Spirit.

"Protect us from Spider Boy," they prayed. "Don't let Spider Boy (that little, lonely child) put a wicked spell upon us."

Recently, Kenneth Thomas put those days behind him. By the grace of surgery and his own fortitude, he could walk with his shadow anywhere.

After two years in a hospital, and amazing operations, he had been transported from a bleak, half-world (the one that hurt him so) to a normal, happy land, and it still was the town of Okmulgee, Okla.

Kenneth was 17, the loneliest boy on earth, he thought, when an Oklahoma oil man, Fay Weimer, came to believe that science might help him. Weimer offered to have the boy flown from Oklahoma City to Boston, for admission in the Children's Hospital, there. Medical men advised railroad transportation and the privacy of a drawing room. The United States Indian Service made arrangements, and one of its nurses, H. Louisa Harple, took Kenneth on the journey across the continent.

At the Children's Hospital, Dr. William T. Green, chief of orthopedic surgery, took charge. The trouble with Kenneth was called by its scientific name, arachnodactyly, meaning "spider fingers," derived from the Greek. But the trouble, a structural malformation from birth, was tragically more than that.

Grotesque, misshapen Kenneth was morose and silent when he was helped into the hospital. He was sensitive to the point of screaming. Yet he wanted the doctors to make their fight for him.

They found he had what was called a floating pelvis, and a twisted spine; these accounted for his fearsome posture. They believed that if they could get the pelvis back into position and join it to the boy's spine, they could help to ease the distortion of the youth's whole body.

In their operation, there was a constant menace of paralysis, for they had to move close to vital nerves passing through the pelvic region to Kenneth's legs. They put steel pins into the legs, just above the knees, and rigged weights and pulleys and steel wires for traction.

Days passed, and they readjusted the means of traction. More days, and more readjustments. Gradually the pelvis was shifted into a normal position. They fastened metal bands to the pelvis and pulled forward.

The traction continued for four months, and then in an operation a section of the bone was cut away and used to fuse pelvis and spine.

Months of waiting followed, for this was the vital point on which would come the full weight of the boy's body if he ever were to walk like a normal human being.

Kenneth was brave. The doctors said progress was being made. Kenneth began to hope as he never had hoped before. His whole mental outlook changed. He, who had never been to school because he could not face the other children, began to learn to read and write.

The bones of his body healed. His mind drank in the facts he had not learned in school. He grew able to use his hands, make leather goods and do wood-working. Confidence replaced despair—and finally he stood up and walked.

The news got back to Okmulgee, Okla. Spider Boy's trouble was nothing fearsome; it was only something that science was correcting. The Indians sent him a beautiful Chief's headdress.

A doctor, traveling through Oklahoma from Boston, was asked by Mr. Weimer, Kenneth's benefactor, to address the Indians. The doctor said Kenneth was being made whole and well.

Before the doctor left, Indians knelt in prayer to the Great Spirit. This time they did not ask to be protected from Kenneth's wicked spell. They asked the Great Spirit to hasten Kenneth's recovery.

Their prayer, and science's expectations, were answered. Kenneth had entered the hospital in September, 1946, almost helpless. In June, 1948, he left the hospital, walking—a tall, muscular boy walking as other boys walk.

The orthopedic surgeons said he would have to wear specially made shoes, and that more surgery, later, would alter his elongated feet, but meanwhile he began a new life.

"He is getting along just fine," a director of the United States Indian Service in Okmulgee said a short time ago. "He's expecting to finish eighth grade in school this year. His parents are dead, but he's living with a sister."

"How do other boys and girls receive him?"

"He's one of them," said the director.

Illustrated by GEORGE MAYERS

While the Indians of His Tribe Prayed to the Great Spirit for His Recovery, the Boy They Once Feared Had Already Started to Become a Tall Muscular Brave.

A Crime Was Planned Carefully and Might Have Been a Perfect One, If a Man Hadn't Worked Overtime

The CASE

By Peter Levins

CAPT. HENRY FLATTERY, commanding officer of New York City's 15th Detective District, got the flash from headquarters as he was finishing his breakfast at 7:30.

"A murder, Captain," said police operator. "Young woman with her head bashed. Corner Tuckerton and 157th."

Flattery arrived at the scene — a desolate area of junk-littered lots adjoining the right-of-way of the Long Island Rail Road in the Borough of Queens—to find Detective Hugh McEnroe of the Jamaica squad standing near the body with a baby in his arms.

"She was crawling around beside the body," McEnroe explained. "Been making a lot of noise but seems unhurt."

The body lay face down on a well-worn pathway near the concrete abutments of an underpass. Captain Flattery saw that the top half of her dress was torn, and that a man's left black oxford shoe lay near her clenched right hand. There was a hole worn through the sole.

"I'd say she's been dead quite a number of hours," said Flattery. "Who discovered the body and informed the police?"

McEnroe turned to a man standing near by. "Tell the captain what happened," he said.

The man said he was David Nutkis, a roofing contractor. He said he had been alone in the office of his warehouse on Beaver Rd.—about 100 feet from the murder spot—that Friday morning, July 2, 1937, when the door suddenly opened and a strange voice cried, "There's a dead woman in the lots!"

Nutkis said the stranger withdrew and scurried off while he went to the body. It had been Nutkis who phoned the authorities.

Soon other officers—homicide men, technicians, etc.—converged on the scene.

As Assistant Medical Examiner Howard W. Neail knelt to make his examination, a woman screamed. She was staring at the two-year-old child, now in the arms of a patrolman. "I know that baby!" she cried. "It's Shirley Perry!"

A Woman Screamed as the Medical Examiner Knelt by the Body. "I Know That Baby!" She Cried.

She drew closer, and screamed again. She said the dead woman was the child's mother, Phennie, wife of Arthur Perry. They used to live near her, she said, but she did not know where they had moved to.

DR. NEAIL found four deep head wounds. He said that death had occurred late the previous evening. (It developed that "moans and crying" had been heard shortly after 10.)

When the body was turned over, a red-stained electric iron came into view. Also some papers that might have spilled out of the kill-

er's pocket. These included an envelope and postcard addressed to Ulysses Palm of 153rd St., in the Jamaica section of Queens; an electric light bill bearing Palm's name and address; a receipt book, and three photographs. Two of these showed a man, the other a woman.

Also, just under the victim's head, they found a stained strip of blue broadcloth half an inch wide and about three inches long.

Meanwhile, searchers found a stained chunk of concrete about 50 feet from the body.

Captain Flattery, Lieut. Tom Feeney, in charge of Jamaica detectives, and Detective Frederick Trumpf of the homicide squad drove to the 153rd St. address, which was about half a mile from the scene. They found Detectives McEnroe and Hill already at the front door, having left earlier to locate the Perry home.

IT THEN developed that Ulysses Palm and his wife, Hattie, occupied the entire first floor, and that the Perrys lived upstairs.

Getting no response to their ring, the officers forced the door, entered the Palm apartment, and found:

1. The shoe that matched the one picked up near the body.

2. A blue shirt from which a piece of material was missing next the pocket. The strip found at the scene fitted the torn area.

Other tenants identified the man in the photos as Palm, the woman as Mrs. Palm. These neighbors said that Palm, aged 39, was a deacon of a near-by church and had seemed quite happily married. He worked in a chain market in Flushing.

Investigation disclosed that Mrs. Perry, 20 at the time of her death, and her husband, 22, had been childhood sweethearts in their native Jamestown, S. C. They had come north after the birth of their daughter, and since then Perry had been employed as a workman for various contractors. Mrs. Perry's sister, Rose, and one of Perry's brothers and a sister also lived in Jamaica.

That afternoon, Lieutenant Feeney and Detective McEnroe arrested Palm at his place of business. When they told him at headquarters that he was suspected of murdering Mrs. Perry, he looked surprised and dazed. He wanted to know why in the world he should want to kill the woman, whom he said he hardly knew.

Feeney showed him the blue shirt. "Recognize this?"

"Sure. It's mine."

They produced various other articles found underneath the body, including the electric iron. "That's my wife's iron," Palm said, "but—how did those stains get on it?"

Detective Michael Kissane found Perry at work on an iron construction job and took him to Lieutenant Feeney's office. Feeney asked him why anyone should want to kill his wife.

At that Perry told of a letter, signed Ulysses Palm, which had arrived on Monday, June 21. Addressed to Mrs. Perry, who had not yet returned from another week end at her sister's, it advised her not to resist the writer's advances or he would kill her.

PERRY then went on to reveal that Palm had attempted to break into his wife's room after he left for work the previous morning.

"How do you figure that?" Feeney asked. "You told Detective Kissane that your wife had left for her sister's before you got back to work."

"That's right, but I knew she would be in the Plaza Theatre in Jamaica—she went there every Wednesday to play Bingo," Perry explained. "I wanted to find out if she'd changed her plans for the week end, so I got permission from the manager to go in and speak to her.

"Phennie said she would be going to her sister's right after the show."

He returned home. Two hours later, he remembered that he wanted Phennie to deliver a message to her brother saying he would join him Sunday on a fishing trip. He made a second visit to the theatre, and Phennie told him Palm had admitted writing that letter.

Perry said he went back home and confronted Palm. He said Palm declared, "You know I can't write that good." And when Perry accused him of trying to force his way into his wife's room, Palm retorted, "Bring your wife here and have her say that in front of me."

"After that I packed some things and went to my sister's, where I spent the night," Perry concluded. "When I left Palm, he began dressing as if to go out. He'd been undressed for bed when I called."

This had happened, he said, a few minutes before 10 o'clock. He remembered the time, he said, because he had glanced at the clock as he switched on the light to get the letter he'd hidden in his dresser. The letter was now at his sister's home.

Checking on Perry's story, the investigators found that it held up very well. His wife's sister knew Phennie had received the letter. His brother, William, had met him on the previous evening, and Arthur had told him that he was on his way home to talk with Palm. His sister and brother-in-law said he had arrived at 11 p.m., and stayed the night.

Again the light of inquiry was turned on Ulysses Palm. What had he to say now?

HE CONTINUED to deny any knowledge of the crime. He could not explain how his shirt had been torn, nor how those papers and pictures came to be by the body.

He said the black oxford shoes had once belonged to him, but he had given them to Perry.

He said he had worked until 10:10 p.m. Thursday, and that he had arrived home at 11:15, having traveled by trolley and bus.

Detectives checked the walking time from the Palm-Perry address, and from the Plaza Theatre, to the murder spot. Each took 15 minutes or less.

Next, Detective McEnroe questioned the manager of the store where Palm worked. (The store was about eight miles from the scene.) The manager corroborated Palm's statement that he had not left the store until after 10 o'clock.

"Is that your regular closing time?" he asked.

"Closing time? Why no! As a matter of fact, we are never open on weekday evenings. But I had to take an inventory yesterday, so I asked Palm if he would stay and work overtime."

McEnroe rolled this around in his mind for a moment. "Then it was purely an accident that Palm worked last night?"

"That's right. It wasn't until after he'd reported for work that I asked if he would stay and help out."

Now it was Perry's turn again.

"We've learned," Flattery told him, "that Palm was at work in Flushing at the time you claim you talked with him in his apartment."

"My clock said 9:53 when I looked at it," Perry said.

"Also," the captain said, "Palm says the shoes once belonged to him but he gave them to you."

"I never kept them," was Perry's answer. "They were too tight."

ON TOP of that, an usher at the Plaza Theatre asserted he saw Perry twice on Thursday evening, each time talking to a woman. He said, further, that Perry left the theatre with the woman and a sleeping child when the Bingo game ended at 9:51.

Then there was this development:

He had said that he and Phennie had been very happy together. But the dead woman's sister disputed this to some extent. She declared that Phennie had complained that Arthur had not given her enough money to buy proper food and clothing for the baby.

Next, after repeated questioning of the two suspects failed to produce anything further of value, Captain Flattery called in Detectives Edward F. Fagan and John A. Stevenson of the department's technical research laboratory. These young, college-trained experts went to work on the shoes, the strip of shirt, the electric iron, and the letter allegedly written by Palm.

Soon Fagan reported:

"Our tests show blood traces on the shoes, the piece of cloth, and the iron. Now we would like to have the suspects' socks."

"Why their socks?" Flattery asked.

"Because of the hole in the shoe found near the body."

When one of Perry's socks was found to bear a small, round discolored spot corresponding to the hole in the black oxford, Fagan made a test and determined that the discoloration was made by human blood.

Then he ordered Perry to sit on a table and examined his feet under a powerful light. "No cuts or bruises," he remarked to Flattery. "Which means the blood came not from inside the shoe, but outside."

Observing that Perry's shirtsleeves were rolled up, Fagan rolled them down.

"Spot on the right sleeve," he said quietly.

NEXT, Detective Stevenson came in with a report on the letter.

"I selected key letters and words and gave separate tests to both men," he said. "I collected 15 different specimen sheets of their writing.

"I've concluded, Captain, that the writing in the letter was disguised."

Within a week Flattery had additional reports from other specialists.

Two handwriting men declared the letter had not been written by Palm but by Perry.

Writing paper from Perry's dresser matched the paper on which the letter had been written.

Arthur Perry went on trial Nov. 8, 1937, before Judge Charles S. Colden, and on Nov. 13, at 1:35 a.m., the jury found him guilty as charged. This verdict was reversed when the Court of Appeals ruled that a letter Mrs. Perry had written her mother—to the effect that she was not happy in her marriage—had been hearsay evidence and therefore inadmissible.

The second trial, which began Nov. 14, 1938, was highlighted by the testimony of a surprise prosecution witness, Detective Sidney Cusbeth.

Before the first trial, Cusbeth had been planted in the same cell block with Perry. Posing as a man wanted for murder in Georgia, Cusbeth had become friendly with the suspect.

"At first he told me the same story he'd told the police," he testified. "I told him the story didn't sound convincing. I said, 'If you can't make me believe it, how are you going to convince a jury?'

"I said, 'Why don't you go ahead and tell the truth about what happened?' I said, 'Did you kill your wife because you were jealous of her and Palm?' He said, 'No, I didn't.' I said, 'What happened? I know you're not telling the truth.' Then he started crying."

"That's a lie!" the defendant shouted, leaping from his chair. "I never saw that man before!"

But Cusbeth went on to testify that Perry had admitted the murder to him. Cusbeth said he asked why he had done it, and Perry had replied, "I don't know. I was in love with my wife. I don't know why I did it."

Indeed, this was about the only weak part of the state's case. Just what had been the motive? It remained unproven, although it has been suggested that Perry killed his wife because, once at her mother's home, she planned to stay there and not return to him. But that could be nothing more than speculation.

Chief Assistant District Attorney Harry I. Huber stressed how deliberate had been Perry's preparations.

FOR instance, those pictures found with the body had disappeared from the Palm apartment early in June. The forged letter had been mailed on the 20th. Sometime or other various other articles that would throw suspicion on Palm had been picked up to be left at the scene.

The prosecution held that Perry must have already slain his wife, using that chunk of concrete, before he returned to have his talk with Palm. It was asserted that his real purpose in visiting Palm had been to appropriate the receipt book, and probably the electric iron.

Then he had dared to return to complete his planting of false clues.

If anything could be said to have wrecked his scheme, it was the accidental fact that, for the first time in several years, Palm had worked overtime. Instead of being a vulnerable suspect, as Perry had figured, Palm had been eliminated by the time elment.

The second trial lasted seven days. After 10 hours of deliberation, the verdict was guilty as charged.

Perry was electrocuted in August, 1939.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

OF THE *Shoe that fit*

Illustrated by ROBERT SKEMP

MRS. RAYMOND B. SHAUG, *Los Angeles, pictured at right enjoying her favorite hobby, says . . .*

"It's the powder—

I'm convinced!

I tried it!

I know!

Pepsodent Powder made my teeth cleaner, brighter within 7 days!"

PEPSODENT POWDER CASE HISTORY No. JL–77

Name: Mrs. Helen Shaug

Address: 5310 Meridian St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Started using Pepsodent Powder: January 6, 1948.

Immediate results: Mouth felt much better -- cleaner.

First noticed teeth much brighter: January 10, 1948.

Present condition of teeth: Very bright.

Comment: I'll never use anything but Pepsodent Powder from now on. In fact, my whole family is using it.

Signed Mrs. Helen Shaug

Date: 1/14/48

Read Mrs. Shaug's case history from our file →

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Tests show there just isn't any other leading dentifrice that will make your teeth so bright as Pepsodent *Powder* does. Scientists have proved this fact over and over again with photoelectric devices that are completely impartial and accurate. A special patented blend of polishing agents and the famous detergent, Irium, explain the remarkable efficiency of Pepsodent Powder.

You'll enjoy the clean tingle Pepsodent Powder gives your mouth . . . and the way its mouth freshening flavor lingers longer. Pepsodent Powder is thrifty, too . . .. you get far more brushings for your money than you do with other types of dentifrices. Get a can today!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

FREE "Convince yourself" offer

—make this 7 day test at Pepsodent's expense!

Pepsodent will mail you a generous can of Pepsodent Powder, at your request, absolutely free . . . more than enough to make the same 7 day test that Mrs. Shaug made. After you've brushed your teeth for a week, twice daily, with Pepsodent Powder, you too will say: "I'm convinced. I tried it. I know. Pepsodent Powder made my teeth cleaner, brighter within seven days!"

Just write a penny postcard to Pepsodent, Dept. P, Box 3535, Chicago, Illinois. Ask for a free sample of Pepsodent Powder. It will be mailed to you promptly, postpaid. Send today! (This offer is limited to the United States, its territories and possessions.)

Makes teeth far cleaner, brighter!

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DO NOT ORDER MORE THAN ONE

SPECIAL STEM OF SWEET MAPLE

OFFER GOOD IN U.S.A. ONLY

FULL SIZE BOWL OF GENUINE IMPORTED BRIAR

ACT NOW Only—

25¢

Send only 25¢ to cover the cost of labor, handling and mailing. All we ask in return is that you fill in a Survey Questionnaire after a 10-day test.

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ONLY 1 PIPE PER COUPON. Enclosed find 25¢. Send me the pipe described above. I agree to test it personally

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Kills dandruff germs, removes loose dandruff, relieves itching. Also conditions hair, adds lustre, makes it easy to comb and keep in place.*

Lucky Tiger kills on contact the germ *pityrosporum ovale** believed by many authorities a cause of infectious dandruff. Removes dandruff scales, allays itching *quickly*, leaves scalp fresh, clean. Also makes hair gleam—keeps it in place longer. Get Lucky Tiger Regular—or Lucky Tiger with Oil, if hair is extra dry.

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When your nerves occasionally get Jit-Jit-Jittery try Miles NERVINE. Use only as directed. All drug stores—two forms—Liquid Nervine or Effervescent Tablets.

Try MILES NERVINE

Merry Mourners

A SORROWFUL crowd gathered on the railroad platform in Tiffin, Ohio, recently. There were men and women of all ages, though most were elderly. With them was an undertaker. They were there to receive from a Florida train the body of their friend, Edward Bragg, 70, a popular former restaurant owner.

The train puffed in and Bragg's mourners edged toward the baggage car. All eyes were turned toward the door from which a pine box was expected to emerge.

Instead, only routine baggage was handed out. The group exchanged wondering whispers and the undertaker pushed forward with a puzzled look. Just then a hearty, familiar voice sounded behind them.

"Hey," it hailed. "Isn't anybody going to say hello to me?"

THE mourners turned in bewilderment. Hobbling toward them was their old pal, Ed Bragg. He was on crutches and one leg was in a cast. But it was Ed in the flesh, not a ghost.

After joyful, excited greetings, the story was straightened out. The retired restaurateur had suffered a fall and broken his leg at Kissimee, Fla. And he'd asked a friend to send a wire explaining his mishap and requesting an ambulance to meet him.

But somehow the message got twisted and failed to make the situation clear. The citizens of Tiffin somehow got the idea that Ed Bragg had been killed in the accident, and the undertaker brought a hearse.

Bragg cheerfully agreed to brighten his sickroom with the dozens of baskets of flowers his friends had purchased for his funeral.

There was fun and celebrating and folks will tell you they never knew a merrier group of mourners than those who welcomed the limping traveler's seeming return from the dead.

Ed Bragg was not the first "corpse" to discover, in the words of Mark Twain, that "the reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated."

About a year ago the body of a drowned man was recovered from Rainy Lake in northern Minnesota and identified by three other woodsmen as that of Al Eastman, a lumberjack.

Notice was sent to Al's two sisters and his brother and they made a long, sad journey by rail to Orr, Minn., to bury him. Their journey ended in surprise and rejoicing, for Al was on the platform to greet them. He'd merely been absent on a prospecting trip when the body of a man closely resembling him was found in the lake and mistaken for his own.

"WE HAD a wonderful visit," one of Al's sisters laughed when the time came to say good-by. "Why, it was our first reunion in 14 years."

Clert Ankon, a Norwegian naval officer, came home several years ago and found most of his friends and neighbors gathered in the cemetery around a newly-dug grave. In front was his wife, in widow's weeds, weeping. There was screaming and confusion when Clert stepped forward.

Inquiry soon established that Clert had been reported killed in a sea battle and the body of another officer who looked like him had been sent to his home for burial.

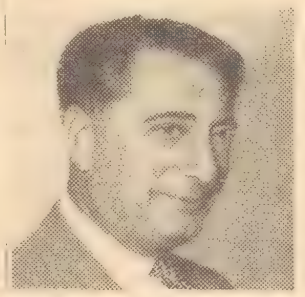
It Wasn't a Ghost Hobbling Toward Them on Crutches, It Was Their Supposedly Dead Friend—Very Much Alive.

Embarrassing Moments

AT A recent party, where I knew very few of the other guests, I noticed a fast-talking, middle-aged woman who had cornered a hapless male listener. She completely monopolized the conversation, while he obviously waited for a chance to break away from her torrent of words. In amusement, I turned to the man next to me, and remarked, "I'd like to meet that woman's husband. I wonder how she ever stopped talking long enough for him to propose?" The stranger merely smiled knowingly, and it wasn't until later in the evening that I discovered that the stranger was, indeed, the woman's husband. **T. Jacobus, Jr., New York, N. Y.**

The American Weekly will pay $2 for each letter published on "Embarrassing Moments." All property in the material submitted shall belong to The American Weekly and no manuscripts can be returned. Address "Embarrassing Moments," The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y.

Why I went to EUROPE and back by Flagship



"I made my first trans-Atlantic flight by American Airlines three years ago. I have made ten or eleven trips a year since . . . every one by Flagship. They offer direct service to all the places I want to go." M. Witmond, *Exporter*

"I couldn't have gone if the trip had taken longer. I own my business and couldn't leave it more than four weeks. Going by Flagship I had four full weeks with my family in Europe. It was a very pleasant trip, too."
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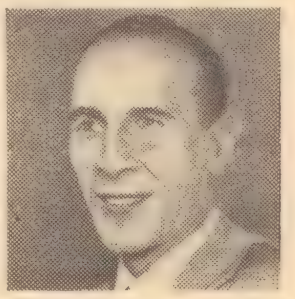

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Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film

✓ Halo—contains no soap or sticky oils—*nothing* to dull your hair's natural lustre. Made with a new patented ingredient, Halo reveals shimmering highlights with your very first shampoo! Its delightfully fragrant lather rinses away quickly in any kind of water—needs no after-rinse. For hair that's soft, lustrous, easy to manage—use *Halo* Shampoo! At any drug or cosmetic counter.

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✓ *Gives fragrant, soft-water lather even in hardest water!*

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GREAT VALUE IN GOOD EATING!

Teen-Age Tempest

Some "Get Acquainted" Dances

By URSULA TROW

SEVERAL girls complained recently in this column that fellows at a prom or party will stand around in a group and watch the girls dance with other girls, but they never get up courage enough to "cut in." What, they wanted to know, could be done to get the boys to dance?

Betty Conklin of Riverside, Mich., and **George Hoffman,** 16, of Carthage, N. Y., believe it's the girls' own fault that the boys don't dance with them. They say it's up to the girls to take them in hand and teach the latest steps.

Eugene Pearson of Rockford, Ill., says boys don't become interested in dancing as early in life as girls do. Furthermore, Eugene feels there ought to be dancing classes for high school boys because, he points out, professional dancing schools are too steep for a teener's income.

Fay Rowley, 13, of Cheltenham, Pa., thinks the boys are just bashful and need encouragement. A clever hostess, says Fay, can bring them out of it.

The Senior Girl Scout Troop in Buffalo, N. Y., solved the dancing problem like this: They invited a boys' troop to a dance, realizing in advance that it would be difficult getting everyone acquainted. "So," writes **June Seyfang,** a senior scout, "we thought of some mixers." All the boys were given a balloon with a girl's name in it. They broke the balloons and found their first partner. Then the girls gave each boy a lump of sugar with a girl's initials on it. The boys had to find their "sugar" for the next dance.

Gretchen Miller of Lebanon, Pa., and **Janice Frank,** 15, of Punxsutawney, Pa., think Leap Year parties are the best way to break the ice in 1948 because the girls do all the asking.

Girls shouldn't stand all grouped together and expect the boys to ask them to dance, writes **Janet Rawson,** 16, of Elyria, Ohio. Girls should spread out, even go over and talk to the boys if they want to be asked to dance.

Phyllis Nahrgang of Newport, R. I., says her bunch get their dances started with a "multiplication dance." You start with one couple. They dance until the whistle blows, then separate and each picks a new partner. Then there are two couples dancing until the whistle blows. This goes on until all are dancing.

They also like the square dance, the Virginia Reel, the Partnership Polka, the John Paul Jones, and they have "girls' choice," in which the girls ask the boys to dance.

That's a pretty good collection of "ice-breakers." How about some other games or stunts that can put a little life into a dull party? Send your "party pick-ups" to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

One Novel Method of Getting the Boys to Dance Is to Make Each One Burst a Balloon, Inside of Which He Finds the Name of His Next Partner.

How Steady Is "Going Steady"?

YOU'RE going steady? What does that mean, asks Rosemary Schultz of Staten Island, N. Y.? Does it prove you're madly in love? Does it prove you're practically engaged? Does it mean you're "private property," with all others warned to stay away?

Rosemary's question is one that's plagued many a teener — and some parents, too — who've written to this column. Many parents object to their daughters and sons going steady while still in school. They feel that a teener is too young to be tied down like that.

And several teeners themselves are puzzled by the "rules" of going steady. Steady for how long, they ask — a week, a month, a year, or longer? Whose privilege is it to break it up? And should there be any hard feelings? Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor.

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Be Sure to Read Sally Young's Beauty Feature in This Issue.

can't sleep
don't count sheep—
count on TUMS

Acid indigestion is one of the common causes of sleepless nights. So before you slip into bed, slip Tums in your mouth. Tums bring you sweet relief almost instantly—let you get to sleep faster, sleep better. There's no baking soda in Tums. No risk of overalkalizing—no acid rebound! Ask for Tums today!

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Second, it furnishes these vital factors in food-drink form. Ovaltine is specially processed for easy digestion.

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So try it today, for better sleep and for extra nourishment to maintain strength and vitality.

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Letters to the Editor

AS A READER of your magazine, I was very much interested in what the Brooklyn Tablet, a widely known Catholic publication, said about it in its issue of August 7, 1948. This is an excerpt from the column entitled, "From the Managing Editor's Desk," in that publication:

An Atheist Learns

It would be eminently profitable for every professor of agnostic type, and for every Christian student in secular college, who might at times be tempted to falter under the glittering generalities of his or her agnostic teacher or text, to read, "My Faith," in The American Weekly of Aug. 1.

Dr. Joad, the author, has for long been eminent in his field—philosophy. As head of the department of philosophy and psychology, Birbeck College, University of London, he is known wherever philosophy is taught.

Dr. Joad was something of a church-baiter, a thorough-going agnostic and pessimist, a man who had all but given up on modern civilization.

Listen to a few of his convictions now, now that the light has dissipated some of his heretofore hazy vision:

"I have come flatly to disbelieve all this," which is to say, all that agnostics have so long treasured and promoted.

"I see now that evil is endemic to man, and that the Christian doctrine of original sin expresses a deep and essential insight into human nature.

"Reject it and you fall victim to a shallow optimism in regard to human nature which causes you to think that the millennium is just around the corner waiting to be introduced by a society of adequately psycho-analyzed, prosperous Communists.

"Once I had got as far as this, it seemed there was nothing to be lost and everything to be gained by going the whole way. What better hope was offered than by the Christian doctrine that God sent His Son into the world to save the sinners?"

Dr. Joad has, indeed, gone a long way but not yet "the whole way." It is for such men that we are asked to pray, as Cardinal Newman once suggested. **B. C. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

* * *

I would appreciate a copy of your article, "Don't Let Baby Be a Dictator." Several people have told me that such an article is nonsense, because a baby certainly is not a dictator (this comes mostly from his grandparents, of course). But I certainly disagree.

My seven-month-old son always seems to be screaming at me, telling me where to "head off." This makes me very angry, and to top it all, I've been highly nervous ever since he was born.

I hope your article will help me to cope with him, and wonder how many other mothers are in the same fix I'm in. **Mrs. William R. Delaney, Newburgh, N. Y.**

(A free copy of "Don't Let Baby Be a Dictator" may be obtained by writing to the address below. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

* * *

My heartiest congratulations on your fearless article, "You Can't Win," which told how great are the odds against any single person ever winning on a radio jackpot quiz. After reading your article, I shall devote my time to something better than chasing rainbows. You have a grand magazine. Your "Medical Huckster" series of exposures was an eye-opener. **A. W. Higby, Sheboygan, Wisc.**

* * *

Your article on "Math Magician," about the boy who does lightning calculations in his head, would have been unbelievable to my family and our friends, if we hadn't heard a similar "math magician" on a radio program once, and therefore know that such feats of mental mathematics are entirely possible. **Capt. and Mrs. S. W. Henry, West Hollywood, Calif.**

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

The Fabulous Costellos

IT ALL started when dashing Maurice Costello married pretty little Mae Altschuh, against her stepfather's wishes. That rebellious episode set the stage for a glittering career. Maurice, then a struggling young actor, rose to become one of Hollywood's first great matinee idols.

His two daughters, Dolores, a lovely blonde, who married and divorced John Barrymore, and Helene, admitting to all the characteristics of "a promising Irish welterweight," later ruled movieland as its "twin queens."

Don't miss Helene Costello's own frank, behind-the-scenes autobiography, beginning in next week's American Weekly. It's the turbulent history of one of Hollywood's first First Families.

THE ship was named Ourang Medan, meaning "Man of Medan"—and sea lore declares that it's bad luck to name a ship after a man. Perhaps that is why the sea has claimed the Ourang Medan. A crew struck dead by a nameless horror, a vessel that vanished—these have supplied Win Brooks with the material for a gripping article in next week's magazine.

A new "My Faith" booklet, containing the first 22 articles written by scientists for The American Weekly, is just off the press. Copies are available at 25 cents (in coin) each. Requests should be addressed to "My Faith," Box 874, Church Street Station, New York 8, N. Y.

"A Week Ago I Saw My Skin Starving For this One-Cream-Diet"

Now it is Clearer, Fresher, Softer, Smoother Than I Ever Thought it Could be.

I THOUGHT by using cold cream, special softeners, rich creams, astringents and other things that I was giving my skin the best of care. But blackheads kept on coming. I couldn't overcome those patches of roughness and skin dryness. Face powder continued to flake on my skin no matter what I would do. And more and more age-lines kept creeping around my eyes and near the corners of my mouth. With all I was doing, my skin was obviously starving for something. Then my best friend told me about a one-cream diet that met fully every need of the facial skin. I tried it, and now, with just ONE cream, my skin is lovelier than I ever hoped it would be."

Hundreds of thousands of women could have written the above letter, for Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does the four things vital to skin beauty without the help of any other creams, lotions, astringents or foundations.

It is hard to believe, but let your own eyes prove that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does something very special and wonderful for your skin. See in your mirror that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream

1. Thoroughly "housecleans" your skin. Gets into the corners.

2. Gently softens your skin so your pores are free to function normally—free to feed your skin with natural oils and moisture.

3. See how it helps nature refine your pores.

4. See with your own eyes how it smooths your skin—see how much softer, how much more beautiful your make-up is after using this one cream.

Prove to yourself that *your* skin has been starving for this one-cream diet. Just one application of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream will give you all the proof you need. *Instantly,* your skin will look clearer and fresher. Yes, *it will even look younger too!* Get your jar of this wonder cream today, and look lovelier tonight.

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream

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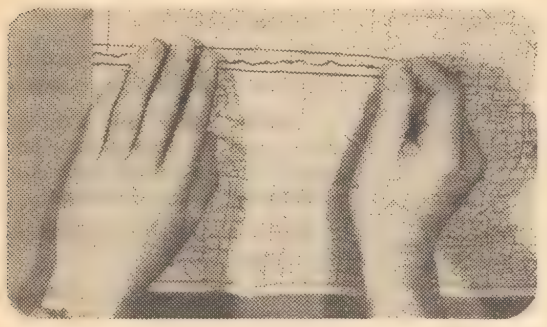
"It's for the good of the party, Senator— we'll take the 'Scotch' Tape off after elections."

Tape it easy
with "SCOTCH" TAPE

KEEP picnic eats fresh and clean by sealing them with strong sticks-at-a-touch "Scotch" Tape.

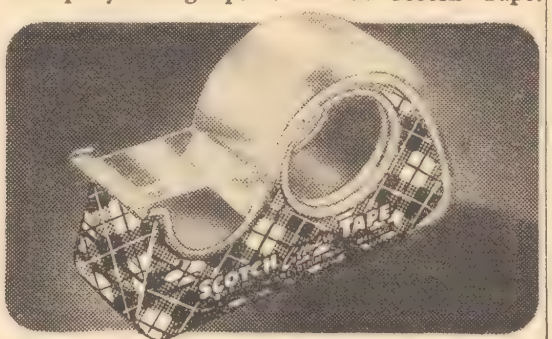
HOLD loose golf club windings with a few turns of sturdy transparent "Scotch" Cellulose Tape.



PATCH up worn road maps with "Scotch" Tape... or fasten to stiff cardboard for quick reference.

KEEP perfume and powder safe in their containers on trips by sealing tops down with "Scotch" Tape.

GET more big prints in your photo album by "hinging" them in with "Scotch" Brand Tape.



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Art at Gun Point

GASTON LEDRU, a young Parisian composer, was vastly startled one evening recently when he answered his doorbell.

For into his flat stepped, not one of his svelte actress friends or one of the artists with whom he often sipped brandy, but a strange man holding a sheet of paper in one hand and a revolver in the other.

The Gunman Forced the Composer to the Piano, and Ordered Him to Start Playing.

Covering Ledru, the intruder closed the door.

"Monsieur, you have chosen the wrong place," the composer quavered. "I have no funds."

"I do not desire your money — I want your talent," the visitor answered excitedly. "Put these words to music, or I shall shoot you."

With trembling hands Ledru accepted the paper. His anxiety diminished a trifle as he noted the words were arranged in lyric form. He relaxed a little more when he scanned the lines. They weren't bad. They were titled "The Tavern of the Good Deity."

"To the piano," directed the stranger, raising his gun. "My song must have feeling, magic, individuality and superb charm to match the words."

"Most certainly," agreed Ledru, eying the weapon.

HOURS passed. Melody and tempo gradually fitted themselves into a pattern. Ledru forgot his alarm.

"At last, my song has music!" the author finally cried. "Ledru, I am young, without friends and money. I could interest no other composer in my work, so I adopted strong means tonight. But let us celebrate; have you wine?"

"In the pantry, Monsieur," said Ledru.

"Call me Georges-Charles," responded the other, laying down his gun.

Several hours later they pronounced the job — and the wine — perfect. Georges-Charles pocketed his music and promised:

"I shall remit half the profits."

So they parted friends. Now all Paris waits to see if "The Tavern of the Good Deity" finds a publisher. And dozens of perturbed musical composers are refusing to open their doors to strangers.

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How to Make
and
How to Do

Tempting recipes and helpful household articles appear in every issue of The American Weekly.

DUZ CONTEST
(Spring 1948)

★

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LARGER *"bite-size" pieces*

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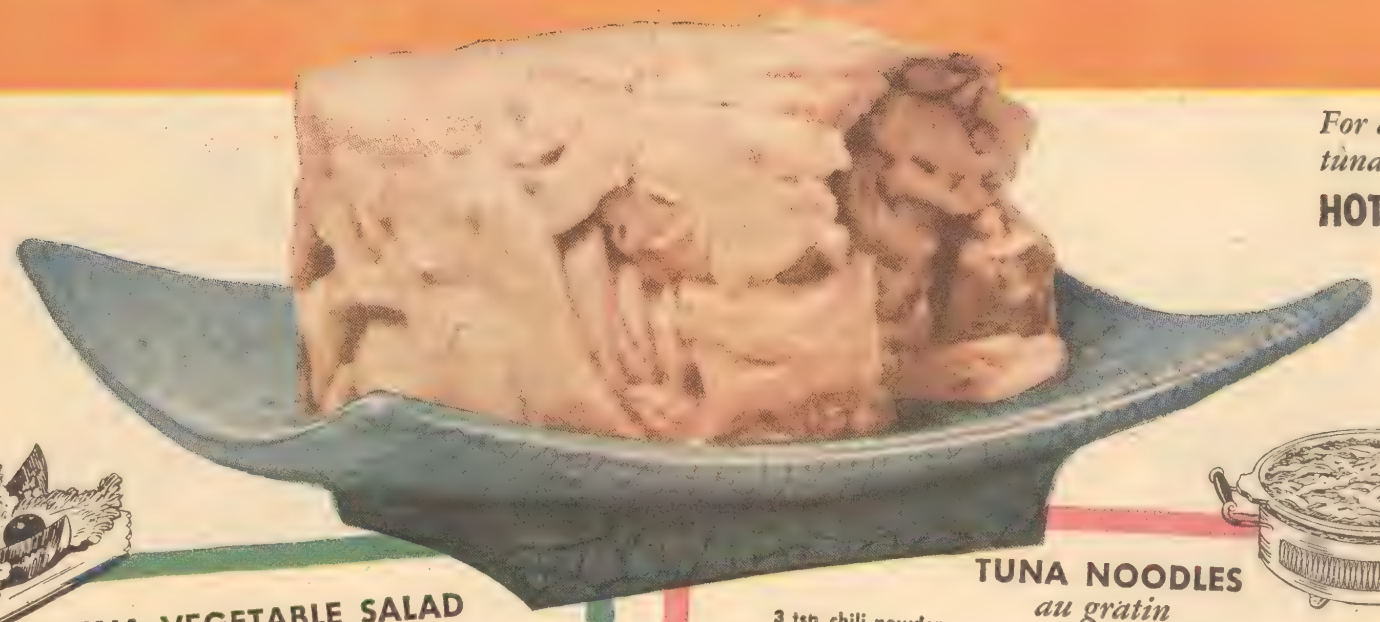
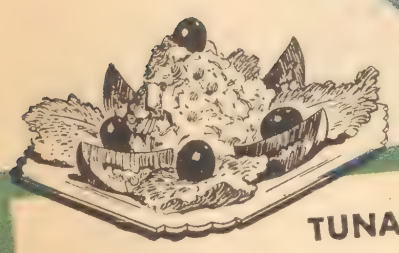


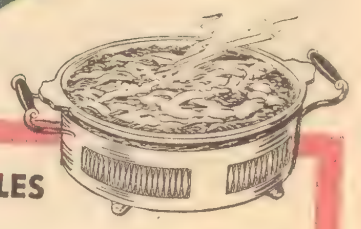


TUNA VEGETABLE SALAD

1 6½-oz. can grated tuna
1 tbs. prepared horseradish
1 tbs. chopped onion
2 tbs. chopped parsley
½ cup chopped celery
2 cups cooked peas
½ tsp. salt
¼ cup mayonnaise
Lettuce

Combine tuna with horseradish. Add all remaining ingredients and blend. Serve on lettuce-garnished salad plates.

Serves 4-6



TUNA NOODLES *au gratin*

3 tsp. chili powder
3 tbs. cream
2 cups cooked noodles
1½ cups medium white sauce
1 cup grated American cheese
¼ cup chopped parsley
2 tbs. chopped onion
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 6½-oz. can grated tuna

Blend chili powder with cream and stir to dissolve. Add to white sauce. Combine remaining ingredients and add to white sauce. Pour into greased casserole and bake in a moderate oven (350°) for about 30 minutes. *Serves 4-6.*

TUNA RICE PATTIES SAUCE

1 6½-oz. can grated tuna
2 cups steamed rice
1 egg
2 tbs. chopped onion
2 tbs. chopped parsley
2 tbs. flour
1 tsp. salt
Fat for frying
2 tbs. salad oil
2 tbs. grated onion
2 tbs. chopped green pepper
1 10½-oz. can tomato soup
Few drops Tabasco sauce

Blend tuna with rice. Beat egg slightly and add onion, parsley, flour and salt. Mix well and combine with tuna mixture. Form in small flat "cakes" and fry until golden brown.

Heat oil. Add onion and pepper and cook until wilted. Add tomato soup to which Tabasco has been added. Serve hot with tuna rice cakes.

Serves 4-6

TUNA MOLD

1½ tbs. unflavored gelatin
½ cup lemon juice
1⅔ cups hot water
2 hard-cooked eggs
1 6½-oz. can grated tuna
1 tsp. Angostura bitters
¼ cup finely-diced raw carrots
1 cup chopped celery
1 tsp. salt
Salad greens
Mayonnaise

Soften gelatin in lemon juice. Add hot water and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Chill until slightly congealed. Dice hard-cooked eggs and combine with tuna. Add remaining ingredients and blend into gelatin. Pour into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold onto salad greens and top with mayonnaise before serving. *Serves 4-6.*

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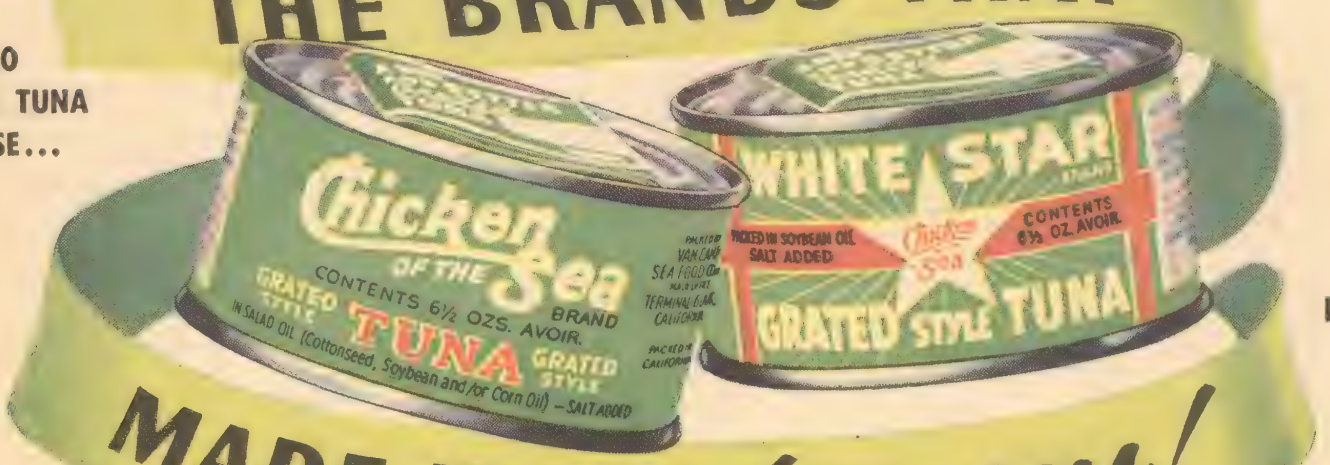

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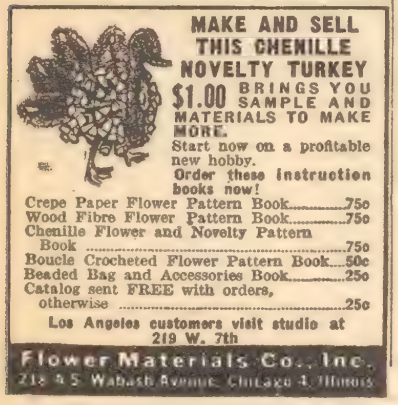

Household Almanac

— Amy Alden

Turnips Fresh and Tender for the Colorful Harlequin Dish

GOOD FALL DISHES

VARIETY adds interest to meals at any time. Here are recipes that will supply it. Gnocchi roma, with its base of farina and cheese pepped up with a good all-tomato sauce, is a splendid main dish for meatless days. For members of the family with husky appetites, pork hocks with dumplings furnish a wholesome basic dish.

Plum cake tastes especially good with these dishes that are in tune with the calendar and also on the less expensive side.

Gnocchi Roma With Tomato Sauce

- 8 tbsps. farina or corn meal
- 2 cups cold water
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 6 tbsps. grated American cheese
- 1 tbsp. butter or fortified margarine
- 1 (8 oz.) can all-tomato sauce, heated

Measure farina into large, heavy saucepan. Stir as cold water is added. Add salt. Stir over low heat until mixture thickens and comes clean from sides of pan. Remove from heat. Add egg, dry mustard, 3 (of the 6) tbsps. grated cheese, butter or margarine. Mix well. Pour out on shallow cooky sheet or baking pan. Cool. Chill in refrigerator. Cut into rounds with medium or small cooky cutter. Arrange in overlapping lines on shallow baking dish. Pour heated canned tomato sauce in a thin ribbon through center of the lines. Sprinkle remaining cheese over top. Brown under broiler. Serve piping hot with remaining tomato sauce in help-yourself dish.

Pork Hocks With Dumplings

- 4 pork hocks (about 3 lbs.)
- Boiling water
- 3 tsps. salt
- 1 bay leaf
- 8 peppercorns
- 1 sliced, large onion
- 2 cups packaged biscuit mix
- ¾ cup milk
- 1 medium head cabbage, cut in 2" wedges

Cover the hocks with boiling water, add next 5 ingredients. Cover, simmer for 2½ hours, or until hocks are tender. Combine packaged biscuit mix with milk. Beat with spoon until well mixed. Add more milk if necessary. Add cabbage to hock liquid. When liquid returns to simmering, drop in dumpling mixture from tip of tablespoon, being careful to drop each dumpling onto a piece of meat so that it will not be immersed in the liquid. Cover kettle tightly, and cook for 12-15 min. without removing the cover. Arrange hocks, cabbage and dumplings on hot platter.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

South American Zucchini

- 2 lbs. zucchini
- 2 slices bacon, diced
- 3 tbsps. minced onion
- ⅓ cup minced green pepper
- 1 can all-tomato sauce (8 oz.)
- ½ tsp. bottled thick meat sauce
- 1 tsp. granulated sugar
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper

Scrub zucchini, cut in rings or in half lengthwise, then cook tender in ½" boiling salted water. Meanwhile, saute bacon, onion, and green pepper until bacon is lightly browned. Add remaining ingredients, and simmer, uncovered, for 10 min. Drain zucchini well and put in hot dish. Pour sauce over it. Serves 6.

Turnip Harlequin

- 3 cups hot diced cooked white turnips
- 1 No. 2 can peas drained (2½ cups)
- ¼ cup light cream
- 4 tbsps. diced, canned pimientos
- ¼ tsp. salt
- ⅛ tsp. pepper
- 2 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine

Cook washed, pared and diced turnips tender in 1" boiling salted water. Drain and combine with remaining ingredients in a saucepan and heat well. Makes 6 servings.

Shrimp Espanol

- 6 tbsps. butter or margarine
- 2 cups shrimp, fresh, canned or frozen
- 4 large mushrooms, fresh or canned
- 2 medium onions, sliced
- 2 tbsps. dry red wine
- 1 chicken bouillon cube
- 1 8-oz. can all-tomato sauce
- 1 cup sour cream

Melt 4 tbsps. butter in heavy skillet. Remove sand line from shrimp, saute in skillet over very low heat until warmed through. Remove shrimp from fat to dish and keep warm. Slice mushrooms, saute gently in fat in skillet. Remove and add to shrimp. Saute onions until cooked but not brown; add to shrimp. Now add red wine to drippings in skillet and simmer until wine is reduced almost to dryness. Add 2 tbsps. butter, tomato sauce and bouillon cube. Bring to boil; turn to simmer for 3 min. Add sour cream, then shrimp mixture and reheat gently until heated through, but do not boil or over cook. Serve hot around boiled rice. Serves 8.

Onions Piquante

- 4 Bermuda onions
- 2 cups grated process American cheddar cheese
- 3 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine
- 1 tsp. worcestershire sauce
- Speck pepper
- 6 slices buttered toast

Peel the onions, slice ¼" thick, and cook until tender in ½" boiling salted water —about 15 min. Drain, reserving ½ cup of the liquor. Combine onions, reserved onion liquor, the cheese, butter, worcestershire sauce and pepper; stir gently over low heat until cheese melts. Serve immediately on toast. Serves 6.

Dutch Plum Cake

- 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 1½ tsps. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- 3 tbsps. granulated sugar
- ¼ cup shortening
- 1 egg
- ¼ cup milk
- 4 to 5 plums, pitted and cut in eighths
- ½ tsp. cinnamon
- ¼ tsp. nutmeg
- 2 tbsps. melted butter or fortified margarine

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt, and 1 tbsp. of the sugar. Cut in shortening with two knives or a pastry blender until the mixture is like coarse cornmeal. Stir in combined egg and milk with a fork. Spread in a greased or oiled pan about 10x6x2 inches. Arrange plums on top. Sprinkle in with the cinnamon and nutmeg combined with the remaining 2 tbsps. sugar. Then sprinkle with butter. Bake in a moderately hot oven of 400 deg. F. for 40-45 min. or until plums are tender. Serve warm, cut in slices. Makes 6 servings.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Enclose a three-cent stamp for EACH chart desired plus a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME and ADDRESS to Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

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at your favorite department store

Just write the winning jingle about SWIFT'S CLEANSER

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PLUS 500 Juice-King Juicers

5 BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS

2 Philco Radio-phonograph Consoles every week for 5 weeks!

1st Weekly Contest starts September 19, ends midnight, September 25
2nd Weekly Contest starts September 26, ends midnight, October 2
3rd Weekly Contest starts October 3, ends midnight, October 9
4th Weekly Contest starts October 10, ends midnight, October 16
5th Weekly Contest starts October 17, ends midnight, October 23

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Enter Now-Here's How!

Major prize winners will be announced in the American Weekly

CONTEST RULES

1. Print or write plainly your two line jingle, beginning with "Swift's Cleanser cleans faster, it's safe and grit-free" on entry blank or a plain sheet of paper.

2. Enclose two (2) Swift's Cleanser labels with your entry. Two (2) labels or facsimiles entitle you to one (1) entry. And only one (1) additional label entitles you to two (2) entries. (Both Entries must be sent in the same envelope with the three (3) labels.)

3. You may send as many entries as you wish, but each **single** entry must be accompanied by two (2) Swift's Cleanser labels. Each **double** entry (BONUS entry) must be accompanied by three (3) Swift's Cleanser labels.

4. Print or write your name plainly on your entry and mail to Swift & Company, P.O. Box 1155, Chicago 77, Illinois.

5. Entries will be judged on originality, uniqueness, and aptness of thought. Judge's decision is final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All entries become the property of Swift & Company.

6. Contest opens September 19, 1948; closes October 23, 1948. All entries must be postmarked before midnight of the closing date, and received by November 8, 1948. Weekly entries must be postmarked before midnight of each closing date (see above). No entries will be returned and no correspondence entered into. You accept conditions of these rules when you enter.

7. Winners and weekly prize winners will be notified by mail. Weekly prize winners are eligible for other prizes, including Grand Prize. Complete lists of winners sent on request to anyone sending a self-addressed stamped envelope.

8. Any person living in the United States, Canada and Hawaii may enter this contest—except employees of Swift & Company, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Contest subject to Federal and State regulations.

Just finish this jingle in one line, to rhyme with the word free.

Swift's Cleanser cleans faster, it's safe and grit-free,

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(EXAMPLE: For kitchen and bathroom, it's fine as can be.)

Enclose 2 Swift's Cleanser labels and your name and address with your entry.

AW

Mail to—Swift & Company, P. O. Box 1155, Chicago 77, Ill.

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____

BONUS ENTRY **DOUBLE YOUR CHANCE OF WINNING!**

For only 1 additional Swift's Cleanser label you may send a 2nd entry!

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Bonus Entry (Optional)—Write a second last line here

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Avoid nasty infections from little skin injuries. Quick! apply soothing Campho-Phenique. It *stops pain—instantly. Kills many germs* on contact. *Aids healing* by combating infection. Use Campho-Phenique also to relieve cold sores, fever blisters, itchy insect bites. Many doctors, dentists and nurses prefer this famous liquid antiseptic. So do *children*. It does *not* smart or sting . . . and it's *stainless!* Recommended over 50 years.

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THE ANTISEPTIC THAT RELIEVES PAIN INSTANTLY

The Epicure

SPANISH CHICKEN WITH RICE

By EVELYN BARKINS

I AM a doctor's wife, as those who have read my two books, "The Doctor Has a Baby," and "I Love My Doctor," have probably guessed.

Grateful patients have offered us many things such as pets, week-end vacations, a custom tailored suit, and best of all, recipes that have been among their most treasured possessions.

When my husband wants to get a patient to relax, he takes out one of these special recipes and discusses it until the patient feels at ease. One of the recipes he delights in passing out to his patients is Spanish Chicken With Rice made as follows:

- 1 cup olive oil
- Several cloves garlic
- 1 young chicken, cut in pieces
- Salt
- Pepper
- 2 medium-sized onions
- 3 fresh tomatoes
- 2 medium-sized green peppers
- 2 cups rice
- 1 small can green peas
- 1 small can mushrooms
- 1 small can pimiento

Place olive oil in a skillet and add several cloves of garlic. Heat the oil, remove the garlic, and brown the chicken in the hot oil. Salt and pepper to taste.

While the chicken is frying, chop up the onions, tomatoes, and green peppers. When the chicken is nearly done, remove it and in the same skillet add the rice and 1 teaspoon salt, using a low heat and stirring to avoid sticking.

Mrs. Evelyn Barkins Is a Domestic Relations Attorney, Concert Pianist, and Composer. In Spite of Her Busy Life She Does All the Cooking for Her Family.

When the rice is half done, add the chopped ingredients and continue the stirring until it is all a light brown (about 30 minutes). Add boiling chicken stock or water as necessary until it is nearly done.

Put all this into a casserole with the chicken and add the peas and mushrooms. Bake in a low heat, 350° F. for 45 or 50 minutes, adding hot water if necessary to keep it moist.

Garnish with strips of pimiento and serve.

Pattern Plans

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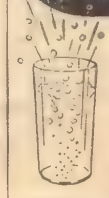

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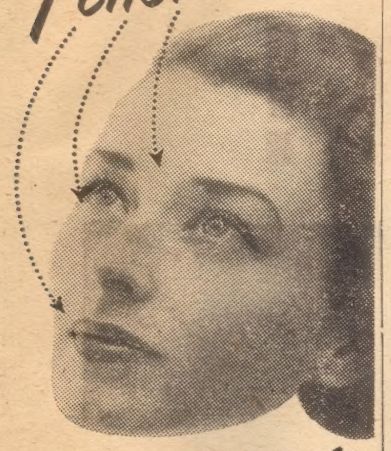

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See the Pattern Feature in This Issue

BE *Pretty* AT BREAKFAST

By Sally Young

WE HAVE no statistics on how many husbands rush off to a day's work without breakfast. But we'll bet a dollar to a donut we know who's to blame. His little helpmate — that glamour girl who became a scarecrow after he married her.

You can't blame the poor man for losing his appetite if he has to face a drab, sleepy-eyed, hair-in-curlers woman over the breakfast table. No secretary ever looks like that to him.

Of course you don't have to go to extremes in the other direction, like the bride who never removed her make-up until the lights were out, and got up an hour before her husband awoke to have time for a complete make-up.

You can have your beauty treatments, without frightening your spouse out of the house. The trick's to do it when he's not around.

At night, certainly you must remove all make-up, but you don't have to go to bed with a gooey face.

Then there are pin-curls and curlers. They're necessary, quite true, but if you must wear all that metal work to bed wrap a piece of veiling turban-fashion around your noggin. Not only will you look pert and neat that way, but you'll save your bed linen from being torn.

There are other ways of putting up your hair that are not as short on glamour as are the usual hardware in your hair. You might try the new ribbon curlers just out. Each ribbon is a different color and they make for an attractive setting.

In the morning, get up a little ahead of time; give yourself time to don a clean, unwrinkled morning coat or house-dress. Brush your teeth. Give your face a wake-up treatment, for which you might use a new product which cleanses, protects and enhances your complexion, all in one. This compound can be used with quick finger-tip massage, or like soap. It tends to put color into your cheeks.

Brush out your curls, or retie the veiling, or straighten out the butterfly bows. And the least you can do in the interests of a well-nourished husband is apply lip-stick.

Fix a hearty breakfast. You'll find his appetite has suddenly improved.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, P. O. Box 382, Church St. Station, New York 7, N. Y.

BEAUTY

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) Keep Trim for Beauty
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair
- ☐ (11) Face and Neck Massage
- ☐ (12) Hair Styles for You
- ☐ (13) The Bust Line
- ☐ (15) Home Body Massage
- ☐ (114) Calorie List

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REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

it's guaranteed by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

Say enthusiastic users who have made millions of glamorous curls with this new and different HOME PERMANENT.

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IS THE MACHINELESS HEAT METHOD

IT IS NOT A COLD WAVE!

THERE'S NO NEUTRALIZING—NO GUESSWORK—NO TURBANS—NO TIMING—NO ODOR—NO SOAKING YOUR HEAD FOR HOURS

Women from coast to coast are adding their seal of approval to this highly endorsed home permanent. You, too, will acclaim Bu-Tee-Wave for its speed, ease, simplicity, and thrilling results.

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AMAZING NEW LIQUID STARCH SAVES TIME AND WORK!

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No Lumps—
No Ugly Starch Streaks!

Sta-Flo is perfectly smooth—no starch lumps to cause ugly streaks on printed dresses or scorch your iron. It's smoothly, perfectly made at the factory—all the boiling, cooking and mashing of lumps is already done *for* you!

YOU GET FASTER, SMOOTHER, EASIER IRONING —BECAUSE STA-FLO CONTAINS *GLIDE!*

A special "ironing lubricant" called GLIDE now makes ironing *really* smooth, with far less work for you. No need to use old-fashioned "ironing aids"!

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NOW—*do your husband's shirts exactly the way he wants them*

At last, you can be *sure* your husband's shirts are starched *exactly* the way he wants 'em! Not too stiff one time, too limp the next! No scratchy "saw-tooth" edges on collars, because you can starch *accurately* with Sta-Flo. Just pour out one part of Sta-Flo, add three or four parts of water (depending on your preference), and you have a perfectly made starch. You can make it exactly the same, time after time!

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How to choose and handle FABRIC

By Doris Denison

TODAY'S fabrics come in such a wide range of color, texture, and design, it is sometimes difficult to make a choice. It's a good idea to learn which colors are most becoming to you and consider only these when you shop. Your choice of material will be limited further by the texture and weight you require. These should be suitable to the style of the dress you are making and to the season in which you intend to wear it.

How Much to Buy

THE amount of fabric you will need can be determined from the chart provided with your pattern. You must know the width of your material and the size and version of the pattern you plan to make to use this chart efficiently.

Some fabrics are napped, which means they have a raised, somewhat furry surface. You will need more of such material because it must be cut with pattern pieces going in the same direction as the nap. Your pattern chart will indicate amounts needed. Take into consideration that some prints are also one directional. The amount required for nap fabric also applies to these prints.

Before Cutting

BEFORE starting to work with your material, determine if it has been preshrunk. If not, wools can be rolled in a wet sheet overnight and pressed when damp. Cottons should be dipped in luke-warm water, and the fabric pressed when almost dry.

It is sometimes necessary to straighten your material before cutting by stretching it into shape down the sides with your hands.

Straighten the ends of fabric, if necessary, by clipping across the selvage (woven edge), and tearing rapidly. Some material, especially corded and sheer material, cannot be torn without pulling the threads. In such cases, clip the selvage and pull a cross-wise thread all the way across. Then cut on this line.

Folding Material

WHEN pattern is to be cut on a single thickness of material, place the pattern parts on the right side. When folded material is specified, have the right sides of the material together. Usually woolens come folded with the right side in and cottons with the right side out. If you have any doubt about which is the right side, ask your salesperson when buying the material.

To cut and control lightweight sheer material easily, pin the selvages together to keep fabric from slipping. It also helps if you pin the fabric to a lightweight paper base.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

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